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Poetry.

A WOMAN'S KNOWLEDGE.

BY MAUDE A. ANDREWS.

You ask me what is constancy, my child?
It is to know
One love must live within the undefiled
For weal or woe.

It is to feel that grief and bitter pain
Are thine for aye;
To long with aching, hopeless heart in vain
For yesterday.

To wake within the midnight cold and drear
From visions fair,
And cry to God when there are none to hear
Thy lone despair.

To hold love's faith against the surest proof
That knowledge brings,
And, closing thy true heart, to stand aloof
From whisperings

Of doubt. To set thy dreary life to one
Enthralling song
Loved lips have sung, and when each day is done,
Forgetting wrong,

To fall upon thy knees and pray to God
That he may know
Thy love from cure, though thou dost kiss the rod,
And live to weep.

My little girl, thine eyes are filled with tears!
May mercy free
Thee from the anguish that life's cruel years
Have brought to me.

Should young love stoop to kiss thee, may he bring
Death's balm to still
Thy heart, ere cometh faith's wild suffering
Thy life to fill.

LOSS AND GAIN.

I sorrowed that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the country side adorning;
But whilst I grieved, behold!—the East grew red
With morning.

I sighed that merry Spring was forced to go,
And doff the wreaths that did so well become her;
But whilst I murmured at her absence, lo!—
'Twas Summer.

I mourned because the daffodils were killed
By burning skies that scorched my early posies;
But whilst for these I pined my hands were filled
With roses.

Half broken-hearted I bewailed the end
Of friendships than which none had once seemed nearer;
But whilst I wept I found a newer friend
And dearer.

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged
Only that something better may be given,
Until at last we find this Earth exchanged
For Heaven.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles?
The old Greek isles of the yellowbird's song?
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.

Nay, not to the left; nay, not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the isles are in sight,
The Fortunate Isles where the yellowbirds sing,
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far;
They lie within reach of the lowliest door;
You can see them gleam by the twilight star;
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore—

Nay, never look back! Those leveled gravestones
They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones
Of glory for souls that have sailed before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love, and a large content.
Lo! these are the isles of the watery miles
That God let down from the firmament.

So Duty and Love and a true man's Trust;
Your forehead to God, though your feet in the dust,
So Duty and Love and a child's sweet smiles.
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

Our Story Teller.

MR. BOLDON'S EXPEDIENT.

"I am fairly dished—ruined—done for. I had better order my coffin while I can pay for it." This was the sad soliloquy of Mr. James Boldon, solicitor and notary public, as he sat alone in his office in High street, Westborough, one October morning.

And truly Mr. James Boldon's position was not a happy one. He was a young man, lately admitted as a solicitor, and he had spent all his little capital to no purpose in trying to make a practice for himself in the town of Westborough.

He was almost a stranger in the town, and, although he had been there nearly a year, he had hardly succeeded in making an acquaintance, much less in gaining clients. The report that there was "an opening" in the place, on the strength of which he had come there, had proved to be entirely fallacious. The town was just large enough to bible him. It was in vain that he went regularly to St. Augustine's Mission Chapel, in the hope of having his name put on the building committee of the new church; in vain that he frequented (at proper hours) the billiard-room of the new Royal Hotel; in vain that he sedulously attended the county court and the police court with a gingery black bag which held nothing but a newspaper and one or two law books. Business would not come to him. Nobody knew him, and nobody cared to know him.

There was indeed, one man who knew him—one who might, if he had had any business whatever, have proved a useful friend—Mr. Lionel Winn, editor of the *Westborough Independent*. The young lawyer had made the acquaintance of Mr. Winn over the billiard table. But of what use was it to have the means of getting a flattering notice in the newspaper when there was absolutely nothing to notice?

It was nearly 12 o'clock. Mr. James Boldon had been looking over his ledger, and even his sanguine disposition failed him as he marked the state of things there disclosed. He rose from the table with a groan, put on his hat, and, telling his solitary office boy (who was improving his time by boring holes in the lid of his desk) that he would not be in till after lunch, he sallied forth into the street.

Not having any particular object in view, he thought he might as well go to the railway station and get a London paper, and thither he directed his steps.

After buying his paper, Boldon observed on the platform the station-master, whom he knew by sight, engaged in an angry altercation with an elderly man who looked like a farm laborer. A little crowd surrounded the disputants, and Boldon sauntered up to see what was the matter.

"A tell 'ee a've coom from Lamborne, an' a'll pay no more," said the man.

"You must pay the fare from London all the same," returned the station-master, angrily. "Here's the by-law. You can read it for yourself—that is, if you can read."

"Naw, a caan't."

"Well, it says that any one traveling without a ticket must pay the fare from the station at which the train started. How am I to know you only got in at Lamborne?"

The dispute went on, the station-master, who had been a sergeant in the Guards, and had a great idea of the importance of his office and the necessity of enforcing the law, having evidently the best of it. The young solicitor ventured to say something for the man, and was roughly advised to mind his own business. This rather nettled him; and as the poor man protested that he could not pay the fare from London—seven shillings and tenpence—and there was every prospect that he would be taken before the magistrates, Boldon good-naturedly paid the money for him, and the matter was at an end.

Our hero walked abstractedly back to his office, pondering over the hard case of the poor man whom he had succored; and his deliberations lasted for some time.

On the following Saturday morning Boldon emitted to shave, and stayed indoors all day. After a substantial early dinner he proceeded to make some changes in his raiment. He put on an old tweed suit considerably the worse for wear, and a pair of boots that had seen better days. His hat he took from a well-merited oblivion, and finally he adorned his neck with a red and blue woollen comforter. Thus equipped, he set out for a walk to Lamborne, a small town about ten miles off.

He reached his destination about 7 o'clock in the evening, and his first proceeding was to go to an inn and order some tea. Having refreshed himself he left the inn, after exchanging a few words with the landlady, and visited two or three shops. In each shop he made one or two small purchases, directing that the goods should be sent to him at Westborough; and in each case he was careful to take a receipt for the money he paid. Then he went to the railway station, at which he knew the London train for Westborough and the west would stop in a few minutes, made one or two trifling purchases at the bookstall and managed to engage the man who kept the stall in convetsation for some time. The train came in as he was still talking to the man at the bookstall, and Boldon quietly took his seat in it, without having gone through the formality of taking a ticket.

When the train arrived at Westborough, the young solicitor explained that he had joined the train at Lamborne and tendered the fare from that town. As he expected, the money was refused, and the full fare from London demanded. This Mr. Boldon positively refused to pay, and accordingly he was detained till the station master was sent for.

That official, in all the majesty of gold-laced coat and tall hat, soon arrived, much annoyed at being disturbed at his evening meal.

"What's all this about?" he demanded sternly, as he came upon the scene.

"They want to make me pay the fare all the way from London, and I've only come from Lamborne," answered Boldon in an humble tone.

"Of course you must pay the whole fare. There's a by-law on purpose made and provided."

"Mr. Boldon mournfully shook his head. "Oh, no, sir," he said meekly, "I really can't do that."

"You'll have to go to the lock-up, then," rejoined the station master, roughly. "You'd best pay up."

Mr. Boldon only shook his head again and sighed heavily.

As the lawyer expected the official was exasperated by his obstinacy and encouraged in his high-handed manner by the meekness with which he was confronted. None of the railway people recognized in the shabbily dressed, unshaved individual before them the spruce gentleman who had paid a poor man's fare a few days before.

"Bonner, go for a constable," said the station-master, with the air of an inflexible judge awarding a term of twenty years' penal servitude.

"Don't do that; I'll give you my name and address, I'm known in the place—that is, I'm quite respectable, you know."

"Oh, I dare say," returned the station-master, with true official supercilliousness.

There was an awful pause while the porter was gone to fetch the constable.

"Don't you think," suggested Boldon, almost timidly—"don't you think it might be as well to telegraph to London for instructions?"

The station-master frowned.

"They couldn't complain of you in that case, at any rate," pursued Boldon.

The station-master hesitated.

"I'll wait in the waiting-room till you get an answer," said Boldon, as he led the way to that cheerful apartment.

The official darted a suspicious glance at his prisoner. Still, the advice was prudent and he acted upon it. In half an hour the answer came back. "The passenger without a ticket must pay the fare from London, or be charged before the magistrates."

"Just let me see the message you've got," said Boldon, when the result was announced to him. "If it is as you say I'll go quietly or else pay."

They showed him the message.

"No. I really can't pay all that money, you know," said Boldon sadly, as he read the telegram; and accordingly he was marched off to the police office, guarded by a policeman on the right and by a constable in the imposing uniform of the Great Railway Company on the left.

As it was Saturday night, nothing could be done that day, and Mr. Boldon did not choose to disturb the Sabbath rest of Mr. Lionel Winn, his only available friend, by asking him to bail him out on Sunday.

On the Monday morning, however, an early message was sent to Mr. Winn and he promptly appeared and bailed out the young lawyer, who was heartily tired of his incarceration. Later in the day the case came on before the magistrates and Mr. Boldon attended with the landlady of the inn at Lamborne and one of the shopkeepers, who were able and willing to prove that he could not possibly have traveled from a greater distance than Lamborne on the preceding Saturday night. The charge was then dismissed, and one of the magistrates, a jolly old fellow named Bracebridge, remarking that Mr. Boldon, who seemed to be a respectable solicitor, had been treated shamefully, and that if he stood in Mr. Boldon's place he would be inclined to let the Great Railway company hear of the matter again.

Next day the *Westborough Independent* contained a long account of the "incredible and really scandalous outrage to which one of the most respected members of the legal profession in our town has been subjected;" and it need hardly be said that, in a day or two, the course at which the magistrate had hinted was adopted. Mr. Boldon brought his action against the railway company for false imprisonment and malicious prosecution.

As everybody knows, Westborough is an assize town, and the case of Boldon vs. the Great Railway Company excited a good deal of public interest. Everybody wished to know how the law stood on the question, for everybody had had occasion some time or other to travel without a ticket.

Mr. Bustard, Q. C., was counsel for the plaintiff, and nobly he performed his task. He pictured his client, a member of an honorable profession, a gentleman of delicate and sensitive feelings, dragged by the ruthless hands of the police through the crowded streets on a Saturday night, exposed to the rude gaze of the jeering mob, and shut up in a cold lonely cell for the greater part of two days and nights. And all for what? Because this gentleman had the courage, the public spirit, to resist an unreasonable and illegal impost. It was the interest of every railway traveler—he might, therefore, say of every man, woman and child in the three kingdoms—that the rights of the traveler and the liberty of the subject should be vindicated in the person of his client. "My client does not care a straw, managers, gentlemen," said Bustard in conclusion. "That is not his object in coming here. His object is to expose an abuse, an illegal abuse, gentlemen, which has been too long continued—to clear his own character of the ignominy which has been cast upon it—to vindicate the sacred principle of the liberty of a free-born Englishman."

As for the question of law, Mr. Lynx, who was for the railway company, hardly ventured to say much on it. It has been held over and over again," said Mr. Justice Portman, "that this by-law is bad and illegal. It affects to inflict a fine of arbitrary and varying amount, where there is no breach of the criminal law; for here, as in most such cases, there is no pretence that there was any attempt to defraud. You will find a verdict for the plaintiff, gentleman," he added to the jury, "with such damages as you, looking at all the circumstances of the case, may think will fairly compensate the plaintiff for the wrong he has suffered."

The jury promptly found their verdict—damages fifty pounds. The result was received with some cheering, which became general when Mr. Bustard announced that his client had never intended to put the damages in his own pocket, and that he would send a check for the amount to the treasurer of the County Hospital.

This well-timed generosity settled the question of Mr. Boldon's popularity. The Ladies' Committee of the hospital nominated him at once as one of their male advisers, and his name was put on the list of life governors. The amateur dramatic and choral societies sent him tickets for their entertainments, given for the benefit of charity. The Westborough *Independent* printed in a prominent position the letter of the hospital treasurer gratefully acknowledging Mr. Boldon's munificent gift, and added a few laudatory words of its own.

Finally, after a pleasant little supper in Mr. Boldon's lodgings, there appeared the following paragraph in that excellent organ of public opinion;

"We have heard it rumored lately that a few of our more prominent townsmen have been talking of according to Mr. James Boldon, solicitor, a substantial mark of their appreciation of his public-spirited behaviour in a late trial, and of his disinterested conduct in handing over the fruits of his victory to one of the most deserving of our local charities. We have heard it whispered that W. H. Bracebridge, esq., J. P., who has already publicly expressed his sympathy with Mr. Boldon and Algernon Tracey, esq., the treasurer to the Daleshire County Hospital, have expressed some intention of heading the subscription list. We give this to our readers with all possible reserve, but we have no hesitation whatever in saying that such conduct on the part of the gentlemen we have named would reflect honor upon themselves, and would not be wanting in appropriateness, as the names of both of these gentlemen have been associated with the public vindication of Mr. Boldon's honor. Our readers may depend upon our keeping them acquainted with the progress of events."

This promise was so faithfully carried out and the proposed testimonial was so thoroughly taken for granted that Mr. Bracebridge and Mr. Tracey found themselves compelled to take the honorable place which had been assigned to them. The mark of esteem took the form of a purse of sovereigns, which reached the respectable figure of one hundred pounds.

A dinner was held, as a matter of course, to celebrate the event, and the presentation was made in proper form. Mr. James Boldon returned thanks with a becoming modesty, declaring with some humor that more by far than even their generous gift did he value the happy consciousness that his humble efforts in the public service had been appreciated, that he had gained the good will of his neighbors and that he was now no longer a stranger in their midst but one of themselves, a Westborovian to the backbone, accounting the esteem and respect of his fellow-citizens his richest possession.

In this Mr. Boldon was perfectly right. Clients came in apace. He had got his name up for good.—*Whitehall Review.*

Things to be Avoided.

Do not betray egotism.

An argument in "company."

Be alert to avoid absence of mind.

Never interrupt the person who is speaking.

Avoid all remarks intended to have a double meaning.

Fault-finding, though gentle criticism, is not in good taste.

Avoid beginning a conversation by an allusion to the weather.

Do not whistle, loll about, scratch your head, or fidget with any portion of your apparel while in conversation.

Do not ask to have a sentence repeated unless you actually failed to hear it. Many persons have contracted the careless habit of saying "What?" "Eh?" and the like.

Avoid using the word "she" or "he," accompanied by a nod of the head or jerk of the thumb in the direction of the person spoken of, but speak the name of the lady or gentleman.

The Noon Lunch.

Perhaps the doctor is right who says that a great portion of the sickness in this country is caused by the unpleasant habit of eating too rapidly. It is interesting to watch the average citizen when he goes into a restaurant for his dinner. He doesn't seem to regard the meal with any degree of fondness, but rather as though it were one of those disagreeable duties which confront a man at every step on the highway of life. He attacks the meat savagely, and you can hear his knife and fork rattling a furlong away. He shovels the food into his mouth as a hired man shovels corn into a shelling machine, and swallows it without chewing it. He pours down a lot of ice water when the meat is consumed, with a frantic endeavor to make it as indigestible as possible, and when the last sad rites are over he rushes to the cashier's desk and settles with an expression of relief mantling his radiant countenance like a rainbow after a storm. The stern physician says that people should eat very slowly, and while they take time between bites by pleasant conversation about the weather, the crops, or any other cheerful subject. In this way the days of the years of their pilgrimage may be many.—*Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.*

A Bit of Human Nature.

Among the places in which self-revealing scraps of human nature crop out are railway stations. In one the other day, says the Boston *Record*, a big, brawny Irish woman, whose good clothes showed that her condition in the world had risen in a ratio rather too rapid for her "culture," went up the office to purchase an out-of-town ticket for herself and little girl. At the same moment a male acquaintance of hers, who was about the same business, forestalled her efforts and got her the tickets, and then gallantly, if a trifle haltingly, refused to take the money.

"Ah, bothe'ration to ye," cried the woman in rough, good-humored badinage, "don't ye be for puttin' me under obligations to ye like that; the more so when I don't need it!" and then in a sort of rallying aside: "Faith, if I did maybe its pig-skin yer pocketbook would be made of."

"How so?" asked the man.

"Grunt a long time before it opened," she added promptly. The man took the money.

Do Figures Lie?

Two women had 30 chickens each, which they took to market. They agreed to divide equally the proceeds of their sale.

One sold her chickens 2 for a dollar, getting for her chickens $15.

The other sold hers 3 for a dollar, getting for her 30 chickens $10.

This made $25 realized for the 60 chickens.

The merchant called on to divide the money said:

"You sold your 30 chickens 2 for a dollar, and you sold your 30 chickens 3 for a dollar. That makes 60 chickens at the rate of 5 for $2. Well, 5 into 60 goes 12 times—twice 12 is 24. That makes $24 your chickens have brought.

But as shown above, the women actually had $25 in their pockets. And yet the merchant's figures were right!

Do figures lie?

He Was Cautious.

"Would you like to go with me to call on a young lady to-morrow?" asked Sam Sample of Billy Bliven.

"Does the girl lisp?"

"I don't think she does. What has that got to do with it?"

"Well, I don't know. You see I had some experience with a lisping girl yesterday evening, and I wouldn't like to go through it again."

"What was the trouble?"

"We were talking about some music that had been performed in the concert that we had attended, and I remarked that there was a good deal of theme about it."

"And what did she say?"

"She said, 'Yes, it themed so.'"—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Dangerous Business.

"You were in the war then Captain McKillem?"

"Oh, yes ma'am; fought all through it."

"Is there not," she said hesitatingly, "a great deal of danger in a battle?"

"Well, yes," the captain replied, reflectively, "there is, there is. So many men standing around, you know, and so much careless handling of firearms, as is almost sure to occur during a battle, makes it really very unsafe."

Miss Lillipop shuddered and then resumed.

"Are not people severely injured at times?"

"Yes," the captain said, "they are. I once had a friend who was hurt so badly that he couldn't leave his room for several days."

And then she said there ought to be a law against them, and he said he believed the Legislature of Ohio contemplated some such action at its next session.

Will Want More Later On.

Passenger (in crowded car)—Aren't you a Chicago drummer, sir?

Drummer—Yes.

Passenger—Your first trip, isn't it?

Drummer—Yes, it's a new business to me; but I'm selling more goods in my line than any two men on the road. Why do you think it's my first trip?

Passenger—Because you only occupy two seats.

A Case of Heredity.

Patron—I wonder why a beard doesn't grow on my face?

Barber—I don't know. Perhaps the cause is hereditary.

I don't think so. My father had a magnificent beard."

Perhaps so; but your mother hadn't. I knew her well.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

COURTED THE GRANDMOTHER,

But Owing to Circumstances He Married the Granddaughter.

A good deal of fun is being made in the newspapers of a rich old farmer up in the Connecticut valley, who in his 85th year has espoused a 15-year-old bride, and who gives the following account of the hereditary courtship which has at length resulted in this ill-assorted match:

"I knowed her grandmam' and wanted her but she wouldn't see to it. She married my bitterest enemy and had a daughter. I courted that daughter when her folks wasn't round, but somehow they got wind of it and I was dished again. She went and got married and had a daughter. Says I, 'Jonathan, you'll marry this'n,' and settled down, glum-like, to wait for the youngster to grow up. Martha's folks watched me close, and I began to suspect I'd have to wait for the next family, when they died—all of them died—and Martha was left without no relatives; so I popped the question, and we were married."—*Lowell (Mass.) Times.*

"Mrs. Link" Before Marriage.

Some newly married young men have a weakness for writing "Mr. and Mrs." before their names "to see how it looks," and an exchange tells an amusing incident of a young man who took the liberty of writing "Mrs." before his betrothed's name before he had a right to do so.

The young couple came to the city and stopped at one of the best hotels. The young lady was plainly but neatly dressed, and was a handsome brunette. The young man stepped up to the clerk, after having escorted the lady to the parlor, and asked where he could find a minister, as he wanted to get "spliced." Upon being informed the clerk handed him a pen to register.

"I don't want to register now," said the young man; "wait until after we get married, then I can write it Mr. and Mrs. ——."

"That don't make any difference," said the clerk, "as long as you are going to get married."

The youthful swain stepped up to the desk, took the pen, looked it over carefully, and then at the register. His face grew red, and he hesitatingly inscribed "Joseph Link" upon one line, and upon the next "Mrs. Lotta Link, all of Scranton."

"I wonder what she would say if she knew it," he said, in an awe-struck voice, and then hurried out in search of a clergyman. The inscription was soon legalized.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Queen of Scarecrows.

A lady living near Norwich, Conn., has made a scarecrow that is the envy of the whole country. In figure the scarecrow resembles a petite young lady with a slim waist and a certain air of supple coyness, which the summer breeze intensifies when it rustles up from the meadow now and then, and sets the garden girl's sailor suit aflutter. Only a fashion artist would be able to fitly describe her garb. She has a basque, a skirt, and an overskirt, as all young ladies do, all of navy blue, and the overskirt daintily looped; the skirt is modestly lifted an inch, permitting the eye to catch a glimpse of a white underskirt. A ruffled fichu above the shapely bodice, a snowy white collar, a bright ribbon about the neck and a broad-brimmed straw hat completes the breeziest and most bewitching costume in Norwich, and of course they would spoil such a masterpiece, so its owner takes it in every rainy day and puts it in a corner of the parlor. Every strange young man has tried to flirt with the scarecrow while riding past the field, but the scarecrow has as yet given no word of encouragement.

The Effect of Drinking.

Frequent drinking makes a glib tongue, and matters that might be regarded as state secrets outside the pale of the barroom are there discussed with a shocking lack of reserve. The funny part of it is that the bartender is taken seriously into the discussion, and his opinions are treated as of great respect and authority by persons who, when sober, have no companionship with the mixer of drinks. Think of a man taking his business affairs, his family affairs, his love affairs, to be submitted to the judgment of a bartender, and you will have in mind what actually happens very, very often. Place a white-aproned man behind a whisky bar, and he becomes, in many instances, the leader in thought and expression of those who exchange money for drinks over the two feet of walnut board that separates them. And this explains, in a measure, the vast influence of saloons in politics.—*A Bartender in St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Robert Grant's Hopeful.

A delicious bit of a story is told of the 4½-year-old son of Robert Grant. The lad is deeply interested in the mysteries of natural history, and in the country where they are passing the summer he, of course, finds much upon which his curiosity can feed. He is especially interested in the changes of chrysalis and butterfly, and one day he came running to his mother with a buttercup which he had picked in the field.

"Look, mamma," he said earnestly, "do see what a pretty little buttercup. And do you know, mamma, it used to be a poor little caterpillar."

The confounding of butterfly and buttercup was not unnatural, and was so funny that it must have been hard to correct it.—*Providence Journal.*

Hard Luck for the Queen.

Little Lucy seemed much impressed upon being told that it was night in Australia when it was day in England, and day there when it was night at home.

After considering the subject for some time, she said: "I think it's pretty hard on the queen."

"Why, Lucy?" asked mamma.

"Cause, when we are in bed and asleep, she has got to be up all night reigning over the people in Australia."—*Babyhood.*

Why They Sent for Him.

"I'm very glad to have been of any comfort to your poor husband, my good woman, but what made you send for *me*, instead of your own minister?"

"Weel, sir, it's *typhus* my poor husband's got, and we dinna think it just reet for our ain' minister to run the risk!"—*London Punch.*

Nature's Handiwork.

A.—"What dentist made your teeth for you?"

B.—"These are my own teeth. No dentist made them," was the indignant reply.

"You don't say so? How deceptive they are. Why, they look as nice as the best kind of false teeth. What a wonderful thing nature is!"—*Siftings.*

At Saratoga.

"Maw, how I perspire!"

"Dear me, Clara, don't let me hear you use that vulgar expression again."

"Do you want me to say 'sweat?'"

"No, you wretched vulgarian; you must say you are 'bedewed with heat.' The first thing you know people will say we haven't got no style about us."—*Siftings.*

Couldn't Drink That Down.

"Get yourself full of your subject," said the professor. "Saturate yourself with it, and then your essay will write itself."

"Yes, I know, professor," said Miss Colespring, "but my essay is on 'Rum, the Cause of It.'"—*Burdette.*

A Baby Euphemist.

A little girl seeing her mother petting and caressing another child began to show unmistakable signs of jealousy. Her mother remarked: "Why, Sadie, I believe you are jealous." "No, mamma," she replied indignantly, "I'm not jealous, but I don't feel comf'able."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Nothing of a Coward.

French editor—Mr. Picard, you are not giving satisfaction.

Sub-editor—Send your challenges along, sir, at your earliest convenience.—*Exchange.*

The Altar.

A young lady in this city who teaches a Sunday school class of 8 year-olds, recently asked them the question, "What is an altar?" "I know," said one irrepressible; "it's a place where they burn insects."—*Augusta (Me.) Journal.*

Of Greater Value.

Chicago citizen (to lawyer)—"Why do you charge me $200 for a divorce, Mr. Blank; it only cost me $5 to get married."

Lawyer—"Why do you pay $200 for a diamond and $5 for a Rhine stone?"

NO PLACE FOR THE REAPER.

Harvesting in a Fashionable Church for Summer Charities.

THE SEED.

The Rev. Mr. Hautton (closing a discourse on benevolence)—And now, my dear brethren, I leave these various summer charities, which so strongly need the aid of all who find it possible to offer it, in your hand. Give of your money if you can; give of your time and strength if your dollars are not plenty; all—old and young, richer or poorer—can assist in the noble work. Some little sacrifice may be needed; make it. A little self-denial may be necessary; exert it, and your reward shall be the greater.

The plates are passed to slow music, while the assistant intones:

"Lay not up for yourself-treasures."

"Let your light so shine, etc."

THE GROUND.

Mr. Trillion coming out of church—Well, the parson's at it again.

Mr. Million—O, yes; Hautton always has a fiddle to play. I'm not dancing much this time, though.

Mr. T.—Nor I. I am feeling too poor. The street played me a bad turn the other day. I came out $50,000 loser last week.

Mr. M.—Fortune of war; lose to-day, win to-morrow.

Mr. T.—Oh, yes. I say, Million, those are fine animals you're driving—in superb condition, too.

Mr. M.—They'll look better shortly. I send them to the seashore in July for a month's bathing. Nothing like salt water, you know, for a horse's coat.

Mr. T.—So I have heard.

Mr. M.—I give mine a taste of it every summer. Mills takes the whole stable down while we are up in the mountains, and I tell you the dandies show up in the fall with backs like satin—freshens them in every way.

Mr. T.—Gad! I'll try it for my carriage pair.

Mrs. Sympathetique—Dear Mr. Hautton was so eloquent to-day. I felt quite faint when he told of those poor little sick babies in the stifling tenements. I really had to use my vinaigrette.

Mrs. Cold Blood—You are too sensitive, Mrs. Sympathetique. It doesn't pay to be emotional in this world.

Mrs. S.—I suppose not. My husband tells me I am far too susceptible. O, do you happen to know of any reliable person to take care of our town house till October? I want a man and wife, with no children, of course.

Mrs. C. B.—I wish I did, indeed, for myself. We have had the same couple for some years past, but the man died this winter.

Mrs. S.—So unfortunate.

Mrs. C. B.—Yes, it has quite seriously annoyed us. His widow wanted to come as usual and bring her daughter and her husband, but I wouldn't listen to that. Three are quite too many!

Mrs. S.—O, yes, indeed.

Mrs. C. B.—It would necessitate leaving another bedroom open, you know.

Mrs. S.—Of course. Not to be thought of. How trying it all is!

Mr. L. Byrrd Greene—Gad, warm day for a begging boat.

Mr. J. D. Wyllys Van Couver—Ya'as, and d'ye know the old beadle looked at me once or twice in a curious way. Gad, I think he thought I could be plucked.

Mr. L. B. G.—O no, old man. Nothing is ever expected of us, y'know.

Mr. J. D. W. Y. C.—I should say not. I fancy now that Hautton has no notion of what it costs to live—just the one item of putting up at four crack clubs would knock him silly.

Mr. L. B. G.—O, gad, ya'as.

IN MRS. MAYFAIR'S COUPE.

Miss Mayfair—Eleanor Baratelle is all enthusiasm over the sermon; thinks we girls ought to do something.

Mrs. M. (with a cold smile)—Eleanor's role is enthusiasm. I suppose Jack Cavendish assisted at her rapture.

Miss M. (with a younger cold smile)—O, yes. She proposes to do a play at Newport next month for the Seaside Home. Jack is to be leading man.

Mrs. M.—That goes without saying.

Miss M.—She asked me to take a part.

Mrs. M.—You declined, I presume.

Miss M.—O, yes, indeed.

Mrs. M.—Now that you are engaged it would, of course, be most unwise to waste your strength on such affairs.

THE SOWER.

[In the study Monday morning.]

Assistant—The offering yesterday was small.

Rev. Mr. Hautton—O-er-yes. These charities are so-er perennial, you know, they are not apt to commend themselves freely.

Assistant—I fear we must depend on outside help.

Rev. Mr. Hautton—Well, do the best you can. I shall have no further time to bestow upon the matter.

Assistant—You sail Saturday, I suppose?

Rev. Mr. Hautton—Yes; and by the way, that was a generous purse the church gave me last week.

Assistant (innocently)—They certainly did respond nobly.—*Drake's Magazine.*

Bandanas, Free Trade and Anarchy.

"We sell twenty-two American flag handkerchiefs to one bandana," said a well-known Fulton street merchant yesterday. "I'm a Democrat," he added, "and I don't understand it. Isn't this a Democratic town any longer? Why, even my own party seems ashamed of them."

"Oh, perhaps you'll get rid of your stock when Cleveland's re-elected," replied the customer, consolingly.

"No; I guess not till the anarchists run riot through the city, and that wont be long, if this free-trade business is forced on us."—*New York Tribune.*

Bound to Have Her Own.

"Mrs. Rafferty is my b'y, Dinny, over here?" asked Mrs. Dolan over the back fence.

"He is."

"Well, av yer t'rough wit' 'im would yez moind returnin' 'im to 'is parents?"

"After a bit. He's fell into the barrel o' soft soft. An' Oi wouldn't t'ink of sending 'im home with all that soap hangin' to 'im. It's me own Oi'm bound to have, an' if yez'll wait till he gits scraped off Oi'll return him to yez wid pleasure."—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Modern Bathing Suit.

"Can't you spare me a little money, papa?"

"How much, dear?"

"Well, I want to buy enough material to make one of the new-fashioned bathing suits."

"How much is the stuff a yard?"

"Three dollars."

"All right, my dear. Get what you want. Here is half a dollar."—*Richfield News.*

And She Does.

May—"Don't you dislike to have a man talk shop when he comes to see you?"

Jennie—"Indeed I do. Who's been talking shop to you?"

May—"Oh, my young man. He's a street car conductor, you know, and nearly every time he comes to see me he gets off his shop talk."

Jennie—"What does he say?"

May—"Sit closer, please!"

German Joke.

Prospective son-in-law—"Modern custom justifies me in asking you how much you are going to give your daughter in case we marry."

Prospective father-in-law—"Yes, and modern custom justifies me in asking you how many of your debts you expect to pay with my money."

Hard on the Cook.

Colonel Blood (grinding his teeth)—Major Gore has challenged me to fight a duel; we are to meet in Death Hollow at 5 this afternoon.

Mrs. Blood—Oh, colonel, I had arranged to have dinner at 5 o'clock; Bridget wants to go out.—*New York Sun.*

He Was An American.

"Are you a Democret, my little fellow?" asked a man of that persuasion of a six-year-old boy who was watching a torch-light procession.

"No, sir," replied the little fellow, "I'm an American."

The interrogator did not pursue the subject.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Sensible Little Lass.

Minister who has been discussing woman's rights with Mrs. Hendricks, to Flossie—"Well, Flossie, do you want to vote when you grow up to be a woman?"

Flossie (four years old)—"N-no, sir, I think not; I shall have all I can do to look after my children."

Our Serial Story.

THE LYON TRACT.

BY GEORGE WAINWRIGHT.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PARTY ON THE ROAD.

Bassford and Farrell rode on for half an hour in silence. Both were thinking, but neither had his thoughts in shape for presentation. Bassford was pondering the question of the peaceable occupancy of their lands, opposed as they would be by Southard, and what Farrell was thinking of is best shown by what he said. For he broke the silence first.

"Tom do you know why I joined with you in the purchase of the Lyon tract?"

"Why to make money, to be sure. What else! We got it cheap enough, if old Southard don't do as he has with all our predecessors, drive us off, till he could cheapen it to his notion, and take it himself. What other reason had you?"

"I may as well tell you now. It was on purpose to get into a fight with old Southard."

"Well Will, I must say that you are very likely to be gratified. I wish all my desires were as certain of fulfilment. But what do you want a fight with old Southard for?"

"His daughter, or rather, Mrs. Southard's daughter."

"Exactly as I say. You mentioned a girl at Southard's. That girl is not Southard's daughter—she is the daughter of Mrs. Southard by her first husband."

"Where did you know them? You were never up here before."

"Certainly not. I knew Mrs. Southard in Western New York five years ago, before she married Southard and came out here. It's a long story. Mrs. Southard was a widow who had never agreed with her husband. In fact they hated each other like cats and dogs, and that hate divided them upon everything. Poor Fanny, their only child, was beloved by the father, and for that reason, I suppose—I can't think of any other—was hated by her mother. If Morford—that was their name—liked a horse, Mrs. Morford hated it, and so on through everything. It was said, and I think it is true, that Mrs. Morford was married against her will, and that the man she really loved and wanted to marry had been compelled to leave the country, for some departure that was not legal, but that she never ceased loving him. Does this long story tire you?"

"No, indeed, go on."

"Well, one day Morford died, much to the delight of Mrs. Morford, and to the great grief of poor Fanny, who knew that her mother hated her. Can you imagine anything like that?"

"Hardly, but there have been double-headed men, and I don't see why there shouldn't be monsters among women. But go on."

"Well, Mrs. Morford was in a state of grim satisfaction until she found that every dollar of her husband's property—he was very rich—had been so tied up as to make Fanny the sole controler of it, except a very modest support for herself. He left her an income just large enough to live on for life, provided she lived very nicely, but the principle was Fanny's, and could not be taken away from her."

"And you, as a matter of course, fell in love with the rich Fanny," laughed Bassford.

"I fell in love with Fanny, but not on account of her wealth, though she is very rich. I am well enough fixed not to be suspected of that. Well, one day who should make his appearance in the village but Southard! Not exactly in the shape we saw him to-day, but a rather decentish dressed, well-appearing, middle-aged man, who was remembered by half the old men and women in the place, as the former lover of Mrs. Morford. To the surprise of everybody, the two were married, and they removed to Southard's land in Michigan. Fanny, not being of age, was compelled to accompany them, and she has kept up here ever since."

"What do they keep her here for?" was Bassford's query.

"What for? A bat could see that in daylight. They are trying to force the poor girl to throw me over, and marry one of Southard's sons, the most miserable beast of the six—Sam."

"What do they want her to marry Sam for? Were you born yesterday? Why the moment Sam marries her the property passes into her possession, and old Morford's half million—it's every cent of it—which he was so careful to tie up out of reach of his wife, passes into the possession of that hated wife's first lover. Was there ever a more perfect revenge, or one more like a woman? Why it's perfect, and she will carry it out too."

"It is very complete and you may depend upon it, that if it comes within the range of possibility, they will do it. Old Southard wouldn't be worth a straw without that woman. She has just as much nerve as he has, and more intelligence," said Bassford.

"I know her of old," resumed Farrell, "and I assure you it must be something especially ugly that she will stop at. They keep her a prisoner, in effect, and my business up in this section is to fight old Southard, and carry off the girl, and I shall do it. That is why I came to Clapville, and that is why I joined you in the purchase."

"I noticed you were particular to a shade as to price of terms, but you got a bargain for all that. But in the name of all that's wonderful, how did you know all this? How have you managed to keep in communication with the girl all this time, in face of the absolute control of the old man?"

"How? The girl found the way. Trust a girl to evade the vigilance of even a dog like Southard or a dragon like her mother. A half-breed, under pay from both Fanny and myself has managed to take her letters to the postoffice at Clapville, and take my letters to her. And so I have kept posted all along, and have known about as much as to what is going on with the Southards as though I had been here."

"Can you trust the half-breed?"

"I believe in Joe's honesty, though I have doubted his discretion. I am more than half convinced from the reception the old devil gave us, and what was quite apparent to me, that he had been expecting us—that he had knowledge of our coming. I don't doubt that the beast and the dragon both knew of our correspondence, and both expected us. I know Fanny has had a very hard time for a year, and that she has never been out of the sight of some one of the people since. But I saw her."

"Where? When?"

"Here, to-day. But it was only for a moment. Just as I had spoken to her, Mrs. Southard came in and tore her away. Bless you, how the old lady glared at us."

"I am delighted to hear this. Will, it is worth a great deal to me. The only doubt I ever had about the success of the speculation was that you would get tired of it and throw it up before we had time to get fairly started. But now that there is a woman in the case I know you will stay, and as I know old Southard all through, I can safely calculate that it will take at least three years to circumvent him, and long before that our mills will have made our fortunes. It is a delightful combination. While you are fighting Southard, and keeping him and his crew busy, I will be working away like smoke at the lumber and making the money. I don't think any one ought to go into a speculation with a mercurial young man who hasn't got a woman mixed up in the business somehow."

"However it may work ordinarily, I hope it may work well enough in this case," replied Farrell; "for I will so bother old Southard that he wont have time to bother you in the least."

"But what are your plans?" asked Bassford.

"I havn't any, any further than

Recent Literature.

FACTS AND FICTION.

Mexico: Picturesque, Political, Progressive—The Strange Adventures of a House Boat—Malwa's Revenge—Housekeeping Made Easy—Virginia, of Virginia—Names and Portraits of Birds Which Interest Gunners—Capitals of Spanish America.

There is in the book market so little of a standing character relating to modern Mexico that a well-written, well-digested work on that subject will meet with a hearty welcome. The people of the United States, as a whole, are none too well informed as to the history, government, and present social and political condition of the Mexican republic nor have they any adequate idea of the country itself, of its picturesque scenery, its architectural peculiarities, its climate, its methods of travel, and its thousand and one characteristics which make it so thoroughly foreign to dwellers on this side of the border. Lee & Shepard, Boston, have just issued a new volume of travel through our sister republic, entitled, "Mexico, Picturesque, Political, Progressive," the joint work of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, of Boston, and Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, of Chicago. Both ladies have attained a high position in American literature, and each has a distinct individuality of her own. Their observations during their journey were confined to no one thing, but were close, thoughtful and universal. The book, when once in hand, will be read through with the most intense interest and substantial profit.

"The Strange Adventures of a House Boat." By William Black, is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. In the discursive and leisurely fashion made familiar to the readers of "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," Mr. Black conducts his characters in what is better known in this country as a canal boat along the waterways of Western England. There is much descriptive phrasing, some bright talk and by-play, and a bit of a romance traversing the tale. For summer reading, when time hangs heavily on one's hands in country resorts, nothing could be more charming. One of the chief characters is a delightful young American woman, whose home is in Brooklyn, and who adds frequency to the narrative. Lovers of Mr. Black's picturesque description of travel, which are by no means novels, will find this work no mean rival to its predecessors.

"Malwa's Revenge," by H. Rider Haggard, is also published by the Harpers. This story has been running in one of the Harper periodicals as a serial and is presumably the latest of Mr. Haggard's extraordinary yarns, although the hero, Allan Quatermain, is the same remarkable person who was killed off in a former story. The lover of the "blood-and thunder" literature must be hard to please who does not find enough excitement, tumult and carnage in "Malwa's Revenge."

"Housekeeping Made Easy," by Mrs Christine Terhune Herrick," as the title indicates, is a book intended for women who are ambitious to conduct their households in a business-like, successful way. Good sense and experience mark what the authoress says; and if the book does not accomplish all that the title promises, it is simply because nothing can really make housekeeping easy. The range of the volume is from renting the house to entertaining "Benedick" at home. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Another of the Harper publications is "Virginia of Virginia," by Amelia Rives. A poor and illiterate country girl in Virginia falls in love with a rich and highly educated young Englishman while he is visiting his estates in her neighborhood, and the story of her hopeless and tragic love is told with considerable skill and impressiveness. The novel is reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*, and is not disfigured by the extravagance which in "The Quick or the Dead" has made this young author somewhat famous.

Another book issued by the same house is "The Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners." As the title implies, it contains pictures and descriptions of the birds generally shot in the Eastern portion of the United States, together with the names by which they are commonly known in different parts of the country. The book, therefore, will help to put gunners everywhere on the same intelligible basis, so they will at least know when they are talking about the same bird. To the scientific the book will be of no less value, because it contains much exact ornithological information carefully arranged. The ninety portraits of birds are beautiful and accurate.

"The Capitals of Spanish America," by W. E. Curtis, is a handsomely illustrated volume, in which all the great cities in the central and southern parts of this Western continent are described at length, and their ancient history retold. People who read for information or pleasure will be interested in Mr. Curtis's work. The dedication is to President Arthur, and with it is printed the letter accepting the compliment. This letter was the last thing Mr. Arthur wrote, but the signing being delayed a day or two, death stepped in, and it was never signed. Published by the Harpers.

From the Harper's also comes "Tales from English History in Prose and Verse." Selected and edited with notes by William J. Rolfe. This handsomely illustrated little volume belongs to the series of "English Classics for School Reading," and contains a hundred pages and more of extracts from Scott, Tennyson and other standard authors descriptive of famous battles and notable events in English history. For the study of history and literature combined nothing could be better.

"The Tariff History of the United States" is a series of essays by F. W. Taussig, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. These essays are none of them given to the public for the first time, but have appeared in different places and in different publications. They have been revised and the result is the present readable volume, which gives a history of our tariff legislation from 1789 to 1887. It will be found interesting in the present phase of public affairs.

"In War-Times at La Rose Blanche," by M. E. M. Davis, is a picture of life on a large Southern plantation during the war, when all the men, and even the boys, were away in the service, and only the mistress with the smaller children and the house servants were left behind. The narrative is not an imaginary one; the characters are real, and the incidents are related as they really happened. It is only through such books as these that one gets a knowledge of the trials and sufferings through which the South passed during the long four years' struggle. The author's style is bright and half humorous. The story is full of pathetic touches, and the reader who does not feel his eyes moisten in some parts of it must have a particularly hard heart. The ten sketches which illustrate the text are from the pencil of E. W. Kemble. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

"The Poetry of the Future" is a little volume by James Wood Davidson, published by John B. Alden, New York. This is quite an interesting book, especially to the lovers of poetry. The main object, the author says, is to show that the one essential characteristic of verse in English is Rhythm. This conclusion involves a rejection of the ordinary stanza and metre and of terminal rhyme so far as it is used merely to mark the endings of verses.

The Century Company, New York, issue Nos. 21 and 22 of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." They extend through the concluding part of the Gettysburg campaign, the conquest of Arkansas, the Mississippi campaign, the Vicksburg campaign, through its naval operations. The authors of the articles include Grant, Johnston, Francis A. Walker, Morgan, etc. Sold only by subscription.

"Hot Weather Dishes," Mrs. S. T. Rorer, is published by Arnold & Co., Philadelphia. In this attractively printed volume Mrs. Rorer presents a tempting array of seasonable dishes for the hot weather. Even old housekeepers are wont to feel a certain amount of embarrassment over the arrangement of the proper things for summer living. To all her fellow housewives the author sends this little directory as a helpmate.

G. W. Dillingham, New York, issues a little pamphlet, entitled "Savonnes a la Mode" by Mrs. de Salis, containing fancy dishes and relishes not found in ordinary cook books. Price 15 cents.

Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass., publish "In the Sick Room," which is a well written description of the art of nursing. The author is Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, a graduate of the Boston Training school for nurses. The book is the fruit of long study and experience.

"Books That Have Helped Me," is a pamphlet issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York. It is made up of a series of a dozen papers published by the *Forum* from well known writers and good authorities in literary matters. It is well worth reading.

"Gettysburg Made Plain," by Abner Doubleday, is a succinct account of the campaign and battles about Gettysburg. It contains a diagram and 29 maps to make the description plain. The Century Co., New York. Price, 25.

"The American Jew," a cheap publication by the Minerva publishing company, of New York, written in the same vein as the offensive and unjust "Original Mr. Jacobs," has, as its principal claim to consideration, the fact that it has been excluded from sale over the counters of reputable dealers. It is announced as the forerunner of an anti-Semitic serial publication, which proposes to transfer to America the senseless persecution with which the Hebrew race has had to contend in Germany and Austria.

"Platform Voices" is a neat pamphlet No. 1 of a series, issued by the Woman's Temperance Publication association, of Chicago. It is edited by Julia A. Ames, and is made up of choice temperance recitations for the old and young.

In MacMillan's Summer Library is "Fraternity," a romance, the author of which is not given, which is intended to show what peace and contentment will come if the principle of brotherhood was carried out everywhere. MacMillan & Co., New York, 50 cents.

"A Dictionary of the English and Volapuk Languages," by John Reilly, is published by L. Schick, Chicago. Price 50 cents.

"A Pure Souled Liar" is a new novel by an anonymous writer, issued in pamphlet form by Charles H. Kerr, Chicago. The *personnel* of the story are chosen from that enticing, perplexing class, marked by aspiring souls and Bohemian instincts, the students of a modern art institute, thus supplying an agreeable variety.

In Cassell's "Sunshine Series of Choice Fiction" is "Odds Against Her," by Margaret Russell Macfarlane, a very well written and interesting story. In their "Rainbow Series" is "The Silent Witness," by Mrs. J. H. Walworth.

Literary Notes.

The brilliant Miss Bisland is to have a story in the September *Outing*.

The London *Spectator* gives an elaborate and glowing review of Mrs. Custer's "Tenting on the Plains."

Messrs. Menzies & Co., of Edinburgh, announce "Annals of the Edinburgh Stage," by Mr. James C. Dibdin.

Lippincott for October will be an E. P. Roe number, besides the autobiographical paper entitled "A Native Author Called Roe."

The Hon. Hugh McCulloch will have in the September *Scribner* a paper entitled "Memories of Some Contemporaries." It ought to be interesting.

A book entitled "Mary, Queen of Scots' Library" will be published by Elliot Stock. It will give a list, with biographical notes, of the books which the Queen possessed and studied constantly.

Probably the largest advance order ever given for a new novel has just been received by G. W. Dillingham. It is a single order from one concern for 10,000 copies of "The Hidden Hand," the New York *Ledger* story by Mrs. Southworth.

The second number of *Current Literature* comes near being all that its projectors claim for it, and their claims are not weighted by modesty. It contains much good original matter and bright clippings on almost every subject under the sun except politics.

Bret Harte begins a new story, "Cressy," in the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Goldwin Smith, under the head of "Stanjing the Silken Thread," writes on the Canadian sentiment toward imperial federation, and Sidney Colvin has an article "On Some Letters of Keats."

J. B. Lippincott Co. have made arrangements for republishing in this country a very superior class of etchings by French artists, and in connection with a London firm they are already issuing a series of artistic gift-books and booklets in monotint, illustrated by English artists of repute, under the editorship of George C. Haite.

The late E. P. Roe wrote the last chapter of "Miss Lou" on the day of his death. The story will run in the *Cosmopolitan* for several months yet. The August number, besides chapters of this story, contains an illustrated article on Washington women by Frank G. Carpenter, a description of Chinatown, New York, by Wen Chin Foo, and a new story by Turgenieff.

The committee in charge of the memorial to Mrs. Craik, issue a circular from which it appears that the subscriptions received thus far amount to $2,020, in sums ranging from $1 to £15. The donor of £15 is the Dowager Empress Victoria of Germany. In this country the subscriptions aggregate $331. Any further contributions should be sent to Mr. Joseph W. Harper, of Harper & Bros.

Karl Kron, author and publisher of "Ten Thousand Years on a Bicycle," will insert an advertisement of forty-eight pages in the *Wheel Life Annual* this year, devoted entirely to this one book, giving extracts from various parts, quotations from notices received, etc., etc. It is without doubt the longest advertisement of a single book that is until now on record. The book is a gazeteer, a dictionary, an encyclopædie, a statistical guide, a thesaurus of facts, a book of American roads for cyclists. The *Nation* pronounced it "a rattling affair, the animal spirits of the writer bubbling well into the pages." A biography of Thomas Stevens is incorporated in its pages.

Apropos of Browning's refusal of a large check offered by a magazine editor for a poem, James Payn points out in his "English Notes" in the *Independent* how far the living poet was outdone in self-denial by George Eliot. Says Mr. Payn: "Her first arrangement with the publisher of 'Romola' was for no less a sum, it is said, than 10,000 guineas. 'As that is so large a figure,' he said, 'I must run it through fifteen numbers of the *Cornhill*.' 'No,' she said, 'it must finish in twelve numbers, or the artistic effect of the story will be lost. I quite understand the necessity for its prolongation from a commercial point of view, so we'll say 7,000 guineas instead of the 10,000 guineas.' And 7,000 guineas was accordingly paid for the copyright."

—The liver and kidneys must be kept in good condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a great remedy for regulating these organs.

SOAPING A GEYSER.

A Favorite Nevada Amusement Tabooed at Yellowstone Park.

In the hot springs regions of Nevada, when a man wants to have a little fun no one objects to his putting a bar of soap into a boiling spring, but it appears that up at Yellowstone park it is different. There Uncle Sam's officials are on the alert, and there are strict rules against soaping a geyser and starting it on the rampage. Recently three or four scientists from the East were caught soaping a geyser in order to bring on a premature eruption, and were run out of the park. The park officials arrested the savants, escorted them to the boundary lines of the National grounds and told them to "git."

It is bad to tie a kettle to the tail of a dog, but that is a mean trick on a small scale compared with the enormity of soaping a geyser. The antics of a soaped geyser are something fearful and tremendous, whereas to many persons the frantic capers of a kettled dog are merely laughable. A kettled dog only goes into fits, but a soaped geyser only goes into convulsions. It roars, bellows, spouts hot water, hisses steam, vomits whole acres of mud, shakes the solid earth and spatters the whole landscape with slumgullion.—*Virginia Territorial Enterprise.*

A $2 Washing Machine Free.

To introduce them we will give away 1,000 of our celebrated self-operating washing machines. No wash-board or rubbing required. If you want one send your name at once to the MONARCH LAUNDRY WORKS, 420 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

It is a good thing to have a change in surroundings, to have a variety in life, to get freshened up by contact with new people, to have new currents of thought aroused, but often the going off "summering" consists only in an exchange of comfort for discomfort, the giving up of large, airy rooms for a seven by nine, of good home cooking for spoiled material that it is hard to swallow. These drawbacks are sometimes compensated for by clear air and pleasant society, but often there are no compensations. This is the moan of a writer in the *Judge*:

My room is small an' stuffy an' my bed is lined with bricks;
I get into it at seven and get out of it at six;
The mirror is so small I scarcely see to fix my hair,
An' I prop the winder with a nail to get a little air.
I think of father roamin' through the airy rooms to hum,
An' it makes me kinder humsick—I wish I hadn't come!

The dew in the mornin' 's ankle deep upon the grass
Till the hot sun of midday makes your inclinations pass;
In the cool of the evenin' of you take a little air
You'll find half a million hungry, thirsty skeeters there,
I think of father rockin' in the twilight there to hum,
An' it makes me awful humsick—I wish I hadn't come!

Dealers in antique furniture and like costly bric-a-brac often make strange "finds" in the secret drawers and hidden nooks of these ancient relics. One of the dealers in a New England town recently found in a famous old chest a bridal dress of India muslin. The fabric of the gown was so thin and fine that it was easily contained in a long, narrow drawer that required the eyes and fingers of an adept to search out its lurking place. The same dealer discovered in an antique desk in process of renovation, a letter from Washington and one from Lafayette, while countless other articles of less consequence are being constantly brought to the light of day. There is always a halo of mystery surrounding an old desk or chest of drawers, and the hidden wealth they may contain is a temptation to prying fingers. In one instance an ancient desk belonging to a wealthy old gentleman was literally chopped into kindling wood by one of his heirs in the search for missing money and papers. But nothing was found, and the secret drawer was so cunningly hidden that even its whereabouts could not be discovered.

It is said that a wealthy lady of New York has discarded the customary knife and fork for the table and substituted in the place of these necessary dining implements fanciful daggers and miniature swords enriched with jewels and fine art work. These serve for the knives while the forks are equally as odd in design and variety. For instance one was a rose of fine tinted enamel with a stem to end in a handle with two convenient gold thorns to be used as a fork, the rose being the handle. The idea is more practical than it appears, though after all the dainty designs in silver and gold are but copies of the old-fashioned two-tined forks and serve for the same purpose. The lady argues that the conventional knife and fork were originally intended for the ponderous banquets of the days gone by when haunches of venison and whole roasted fowls were served at a dinner party. However, a knife is a knife and a fork a fork, no matter in what disguise it may appear, and though a modern dinner *a la Russe* may not require the keen bladed implements of more formal entertainments, society at large has not as yet arrived at the civilized point of chop sticks.

The manufacturing of paper weights may be placed in the list of the fine arts. In the making of these articles the designers and workers in metal, display more rivalry and originality than in any other line. The different designs are almost countless and range in price from a few cents up to hundreds of dollars. They are made of both solid silver and even of gold. An odd design recently put upon the market was a silver acrobat privided with a spring which turned him from a sober-minded paper weight into a capering circus performer, when the mechanism was set to working. Silver wheat, rat traps, dogs and animals of all kinds are pressed into service and made to hold down refractory papers, and though the elaborate paper weights are more ornamental than useful, still the demand for them gives employment to many and develops artistic talents which would remain hidden if things of beauty were not sought for and desired by the purchasing public.

Here is compensation for the unfortunate ones who are not able to take the conventional summer trip, but must walk the hot and dusty city streets, while the "sisters and their cousins and their aunts" are breathing the country air.

"These days of the passing summer
The weather is fair to see,
And I think of my friends in the country,
And how they are thinking of me.
The city is dull and lonely,
The country is bright and gay,
But I've got Sixth avenue all to myself,
And to-morrow'll be 'Bargain Day.'"

The dancing of modern days would probably seem an undignified hop, skip and jump to frivolous music, to those who lived when dancing was an art and a serious matter. A curious old book on "Dancing" has lately been reprinted and re-embellished, which gives a complete history of dancing during the sixteenth century together with engravings indicating the correct attitudes of the dancer. The book was written by a jovial old French canon who published it in 1559. Among the dances described is the Basse-danse which was a very serious affair, and was performed in aristocratic circles during the thirteenth century. Next comes the Pavante in which the chevalier marches a kiss from his partner before giving her up. The Volte, the Courante, Allemande, and the Gavotte are all of French creation, while the Morisque was a Moorish arrangement and was danced with a clatter of arms and an accompaniment of trumpets. The old time dances of more modern days, the Virginia Reel, Money Musk and like dances have given way to the waltz, cotillion and polka of the present day, none of them as stately and ceremonious as those danced by the gay chevaliers and court beauties of the old regime.

Most of the articles put upon the market purporting to come from China or Japan are really Yankee products, and have never seen so much as a Chinese pigtail. But it is said that firecrackers really come from China, where the country people manufacture them as a pastime. They are imported in boxes, similar to tea chests, covered with hieroglyphics, which represent the advertisements of different firms. On board the ships, which bring them over, they are used as ballast. It is constantly being said that the Chinese knew all about everything before any one else made the discovery, and this theory is also applied to gunpowder. The Chinese were acquainted with its use long before its introduction into Europe in the thirteenth century, and the Chinese peasants have been for so many generations adepts in the art of making fire crackers, that it has become second nature to them. As the cost of making these gunpowder imps is only two cents a package, doubtless the Americans have recognized the futility of competition and have allowed John to remain undisturbed in this ancient industry.

A recent fashion letter reports that the days of the stiff, shiny linen collar has gone by, that is for the fair sex. Collars melt under the rays of a summer sun, and torture and rasp a soft throat, but a new lace has been invented to take their place which is warranted to be imperishable as well as harmless. Steel lace is the newest novelty of all new things. It is fine and soft in texture with intricate patterns and delicately woven. It is cool and durable and comes in any color desired but, and here is the rub, it will not give the trim, natty finish to a tailor made gown which that instrument of torture, a linen collar, alone can supply.

A Capital Illustration.

"Daniel."

"Yes, sire."

"I see that Senator Harris, of Tennessee, wants another term, even after promising six years ago not to be a candidate for re-election."

"Yes, sire, he too has succumbed to the allurements of power and to the temptation to retain public place once gained. The disease is catch—"

"That will do, Daniel."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Log Cabins were not models of elegance, but represented strength and simplicity, the natural characteristics of the rugged yeomanry who inhabited them. Our hardy ancestors lived happy, wholesome, healthy lives, and their Log Cabin Remedies were simple herbs and roots that grew about their forest homes, now re-introduced in Warner's Log Cabin Remedies and "Tippecanoe."

FREE TRADE WAGES.

RATES IN FREE TRADE BRITAIN.

Their Wages Compared With Those Current in Mexico—How Workers in France and Germany Are Paid—Great Britain Shows Poorly in the Comparison.

Free traders, no longer able to attack protection with the pretentious argument that wages do not increase after the abandonment of free trade, sweetly ask, if protection increases wages, why are they not so high in the protected continental nations of Europe as in England? Now, it would seem as if they ought to prove the converse—that wages are as great in free trade England and her free trade dependencies as they are in protected British Canada and Australia, or the United States. Even though it be conceded that wages are not yet as high in protected France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia and Denmark as in Great Britain, the fact can be established that they are rising in the former countries with protection, while falling in the latter with free trade. Consequently, it rests with free traders to explain why the free trade country retrogrades and the protected countries progress.

Would these free trade gentlemen be astounded if it should turn out that in many instances the wages paid in the protected industries of Germany and France are as high as in Great Britain? Yet this proposition is susceptible of proof and the following tables made up from the report of weekly wages paid in Yorkshire during 1882 in woolen mills by Mr. Griffin, statistician of the English Board of Trade; report of Consul Dubois in 1882 of the wages paid in the German Rhine Provinces, and that of Consul Frisble of the wages paid in Rheims and vicinity in the same year.

	England.	France.	Germ'y.
Sorters (men)	$9 76	$9 82	$5 59
Sorters (women)	2 40	2 79	2 59
Sorters (minors)	1 80	2 00	1 90
Overseers	6 00	6 50	6 60
Spinners (men)	5 00	6 00	5 25
Spinners (women)	3 00	3 00	3 00
Spinners (minors)	1 80	2 00	1 90
Piecers	2 50	3 00	2 40
Weavers (men)	4 80	4 67	4 25
Weavers (women)	3 48	4 00	4 00
Mechanics	5 50	6 25	5 00
Laborers	3 25	3 75	3 00
Average per week	$3 77	$4 14	$3 77

So during 1882 wages in French woolen mills were almost 10 per cent. in excess of those paid in England and in Germany; two years after the adoption of a high tariff they were equal to British wages. How do free traders account for high rates in the protected countries and low rates in the free trade land? P. of. Perter, a specialist on wages, furnishes the present daily rates of wages in the iron and steel works of Dortmund, Germany, and of England:

	England.	Germany.
Puddlers, first hands	$1 20	$1 20
Puddlers, second hands	75	1 00
Furnace men, first hands	1 50	1 30
Furnace men, second hands	80	1 00
Laborers	68	75
Average per day	$0 99	$1 05

Once more we discover free trade England dropping behind her protected neighbors, for wages in the German iron and steel industries are 6 per cent higher than British rates. It begins to look as if the lofty free trade assumption of wages being the highest in England has no foundation. But let us proceed further and examine the present weekly rates paid many of the hands in the flax spinning trades as reported by Prof. Porter:

	England.	France.	Germ'y.
Machine workers	$1 46	$1 35	$1 46
Spinners	1 82	2 02	1 92
Reelers	1 34	3 37	1 98
Roving	1 58	2 02	1 70
Cutters	2 19	2 20	1 65
Spreaders	1 70	2 02	1 55
Drawers	1 95	1 85	1 50
Doffers	1 31	.....	1 15
Average per week	$1 67	$2 12	$1 75

These various rates bring another favorite free trade assumption to grief; for, instead of wages being the highest, they appear to be the lowest in free trade Great Britain in trades which not long ago were British specialties, viz., iron, steel, woolens and linens. May we not ask free traders wherein has free trade benefited the workers in the above trades, and why even has protection failed to benefit them? But these are not the only instances of wages in France exceeding or equaling those paid in England. Our consular reports of 1884 of weekly wages in London and Rouen still further dispose of the free trade assumption that wages are the highest in free trade countries:

	London.	Rouen.
Telegraph operators	$8 00	$8 00
Tenders (females)	7 60	10 00
Brickmakers	6 00	6 00
Butchers	4 38	5 00
Draymen	6 50	7 53
Cabmen	5 40	5 40
Engineers	8 50	8 75
Furriers	8 50	8 50
Gardeners	5 20	5 79
Jewelers	8 00	8 80
Laborers	4 87	5 00
Lithographers	8 50	9 00
Millwrights	8 60	9 80
Potters	4 40	8 84
Printers	7 30	11 00
Tanners	7 40	6 94
Average per week	$6 78	$7 78

Thus it seems that in these branches of industry wages in protected France were during 1884, 15 per cent higher than the English rates. Do not these samples exemplify the danger of asking a question before ascertaining how the fact stands?

Turning to another protected country, Mexico, our consular reports of 1884 disclose some facts which ought to make free traders rub their eyes and ask themselves if it can be possible they are in their right senses. Weekly wages, when averaged, appear to be greater during 1884 in protected Mexico than in England:

	England.	Mexico.
Masons	$7 68	$9 93
Plasterers	7 80	8 61
Carpenters	7 66	10 68
Bakers	6 17	7 47
Bricklayers	7 56	7 56
Blacksmiths	7 37	8 17
Printers	7 17	5 80
Coopers	6 55	6 55
Shoemakers	6 32	7 13
Laborers	4 70	4 65
Average per week	$7 00	$7 63

Free trade England was so prosperous during 1884 as to actually pay less wages than protected Mexico. Poor, despised, but protected Mexicans received almost 10 per cent more wages that free trade Britons. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Nor is this all. In 1874 Dr. Edward Young instituted a very careful investigation as to wages and prices in England. His laborious researches were afterwards published by him in a work entitled "Labor in Europe and America." Comparing his statistics for 1873 with those obtained by our consuls in 1884, it appears that, notwithstanding the boasted superiority of free trade over protection, wages were lower in 1884 than in 1873, while prices were generally as high, when not higher, in 1884 as they were during 1872.

From these comparisons free traders may begin to understand why free trade is waning among British toilers; why they are turning from John Bright and the whole Manchester school, and why Royal commissions are suggesting an increase of the hours of toil and reduction of wages. "Political economy" is dragging our Saxon kinsmen into the depths of abject misery and want; crime and prostitution glower ominously athwart their near future, for between 1840 and 1881 the cost of pauperism and crime advanced 111 per cent, after making allowances for the increase of population.

Those who suffer, who feel the grinding pinch of want, perceive much quicker and surer than do smug professors and literary gentlemen with fixed incomes, that free trade, however excellent and comfortable it may have been for England in years past, when the world indolently permitted her to monopolize manufactures, is under the widely altered conditions of the present, crowding them into the mire.

It was Napoleon who bitterly exclaimed: "If the empire was of adamant political economists would grind it into powder." He knew the ideologues, the barrenness of figures and acidity of a so-called science, which, laying out of sight the solemn fact of the sweating masses (as well as academical aristocracies of culture and pedantic learning) possessing souls, aspirations and longings, seem bent upon reducing mankind generally into mere automatons of toil and victims of pseudoeconomic hobbies.

Hence, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Welshmen and Irishmen, flying from the free trade paradise where the workshop abuts the poor house and escaping the thralldom of the academicians, cast down the Manchester fetich on the colonies, adopt protection, and by their prosperity confound their former overlearned oppressors.

While wages in free trade Great Britain have been falling since 1878 back to the rates of 1872 and 1866, they have been advancing in the protected countries, viz: Canada, Russia, France, Germany, Denmark, Italy and Spain, as shown in former articles. It may not be amiss to glance at the course of wages in that country under low and high tariffs. Mr. Wright, in his "History of Prices and Wages," gives some interesting statistics relative to wages during the low tariff period of 1850-60 and the high tariff year of 1880. From them are selected the following trades as being directly affected by tariffs:

	1850.	1860.	1880.
Paper mills per day	$1.12	$1.17	$1.74
Woolen mills per day	.87	.83	1.31
Clothing mills per day	1.38	1.43	1.93
Cordage make's per day	.92	....	1.52
Cotton mills per day	.92	1.03	1.40
Laborers per day	.86	.98	1.48
Metal workers per day	1.42	1.35	2.16
Quarrymen per day	1.45	1.40	2.33
Average per day	$1.12	$1.18	$1.73

During the low tariff era wages in the above trades advanced a trifle over one-half of 1 per cent, but in the high tariff period they advanced almost 54½ per cent. In 1860, according to this authority, prices were 12.7 per cent higher than those of 1830, consequently the purchasing power of labor had not been increased. Since 1860, according to Mr. Grosvenor, prices have declined 28 per cent. Thus since 1860 the purchasing power of labor has been increased 82 per cent while the hours of labor have been lessened.

Does it not look as if protection is vindicated by every test and triumphantly overcomes every hostile argument? Can any free trader show a free trade nation presenting a like balance sheet in favor of labor?—*Brooklyn Times.*

HE WOULD PRINT THEM.

The Flattering Offer Mark Twain Received While in Louisiana.

Some time ago while Mark Twain was taking a reminiscent float down the Mississippi River, the boat on which he had embarked was compelled one night to "tie up" at Flay's Point, a village in Louisiana. The humorist had gone to bed, and had just sunk into a doze when there came a sharp rap at the door of his stateroom. Twain opened the door. A squint-eyed fellow, wearing a check shirt and rawhide boots, stepped into the room.

"Is this Mark Twain?"

"Yes, I am known by that name."

"Well, sir, I have some mighty important business with you."

"Please state it."

"Kaint do it here, but ef you'll come with me I will soon find out."

"I don't care to go anywhere to-night—except to bed," Twain replied.

"But I tell you this is important—something that should be attended to at once. You just come with me a few minutes and I'll be dinged if you'll ever regret it."

"I don't care to meet any one."

"You won't have to meet any one but me. You may have built a truck played on you, but I tell you this is to your advantage. It won't take you ten minutes. The only reason I want you to go with me is that I may prove my good faith."

He continued with such strong importunity that Twain finally consented to go with him. The humorist was conducted through a muddy street and down a dark alley to a small wooden building. His conductor unlocked a door, entered a room and lighted a smoky lamp.

"Come right in an' set down."

The humorist looked around and discovered that he was in a printing office, fitted up with a hand press and a few "cases" of type.

"Set down."

Twain seated himself on a box. His conductor added:

"You are now, sir, within the portals of the *Weekly Progress*, a paper that circulates extensively throughout the county, and of which I am the editor. I wanted to bring you here to show you, as convincin' proof of my standin', the tools and appliances of my honorable profession. I would now be much obleeged if you'd give the information that I intended to deliver, but, sah, without these here surroundin's of sincerity you must have thought me a fraud. Now, this is what I want to tell you, Mr. Twain. I have hearn of you and I want to say that anything you write that you want printed, why you send it to J. Casper McIntosh and I'll be blamed if I don't print it for you. Yes, I will," he added, meeting the humorist's stare of amazement. "Yes, I'll be dinged if I don't. You jest go ahead now and write out a lot of your fool things and I'll be hanged if I don't publish 'em, I don't care a blame what folks say. Don't be snatched, Mr. Twain, fur I am a telling' of the truth. I'll publish your articles. Wall, ef you must go, good-night. When you get down thar to the corner of the fence turn to the right if you don't wanter git deg bit."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

RUEL SMITH'S STRATEGY.

How He Once Surprised Some Eastport Loafers.

Every one connected with the law throughout Maine knows Court Reporter Ruel Smith, who usually travels about the state with Chief Justice Peters. Once upon a time Ruel was in charge of the telegraph office at Eastport, which was on the street floor. Just under the window of this office there was a wooden bench, and on it there formerly gathered a crowd of loafers, who persisted in occupying the place and in making noise, despite the frequent appeals of Mr. Smith. Finally the time came when they gathered so thick as to darken the windows, and Ruel laid his plans to disperse them out. First he suggested the old seat needed repairing, and he fitted on a bran new zinc cover. Then he ran a wire from the main line inside, out through a small hole in the side of the building, connecting with the zinc. About the usual time for the crowd to gather he went outside and thoroughly wet down the ground where rested the feet of the loafers and their general usual attitude inside. By and by along came the gang and soon the usual loud conversation and the whistling began, and soon, too, a whole row, some ten or a dozen loafers, were seated along the new and innocent looking zinc. Mr. Smith is a patient man, but soon forbearance ceased to be a telegraph virtue, and, casting one mingled look of pity and pleasure at the group, he gently "made connection," and in a flash the electricity was darting up and down that bench, and off through the bodies of the loafers to the wet earth beneath their feet. "Gee whiz!" exclaimed one as he sprang from the seat, rubbing the parts most affected, and it was gee whiz, or something worse, that sprang to the lips of all the rest. When they recovered all looked at some one else, but for their life none could tell what had happened. The accused each other of using some kind of a needle, but a close inspection of the seat failed to reveal anything, and soon all were seated and hard at their arguments again. Mr. Smith made another connection, and this time he let her go the whole bigness. Those fellows went endwise, sidewise and otherwise, and ever after their ways led them clear of the zinc seat in front of the old Eastport telegraph office.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

The Churches of the United States.

The New York *Independent* presents its annual statistical exhibit of the various churches in this country, compiled mostly from official sources. The following is a general summary by denominational groups:

	Chs.	Min.	Com.
Adventists	1,563	835	100,441
Baptists	45,434	30,998	3,971,685
Christian Union	1,500	500	120,000
Congregationalist's	4,404	4,090	457,584
Friends	700	500	107,988
Greek Church	675	560	125,000
Lutherans	7,992	4,215	987,690
Mennonites	385	605	93,000
Methodists	48,258	28,213	4,669,256
Moravians	94	108	10,966
New Jerusalem	95	101	5,750
Presbyterians	13,057	25,585	1,136,685
Episcopalians	4,766	4,933	448,785
Reformed	2,008	1,843	269,522
Roman Catholics	6,829	7,596	7,200,000
Unitarians	375	438	20,000
Universalists	730	677	37,807
Grand total	138,855	94,457	19,790,328

The net gain for the year was 6,434 churches, 4,003 ministers and 774,681 communicants. By far the heaviest gain was among the Baptists—4,587 churches and 3,109 ministers. The Methodists, with their 48,258 churches, 28,313 ministers and 4,699,529 communicants, stand at the head of the denominations, the Roman Catholics come next, and then the Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Congregationalists and Episcopalians.

Funny All Around.

I talked to her of the humming bees,
And how they made their honey
In the summer time on the flowery leas,
And she answered, "Ain't it funny?"

I spoke of the miser's love for gold,
And how he hugged his money
'To the very verge of the churchyard mould,"
And she answered, "Ain't it funny?"

I spoke of the farms of Australia,
And the ravages made by "bunnie";
The maiden heard what I had to say,
And she answered, "Ain't it funny?"

said I was seeking a damsel sweet,
A girl with a temper sunny;
Then I threw myself at the maiden's feet,
And she murmured, "Ain't you funny?"
—*Boston Courier.*

For MENTAL DEPRESSION
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. L. C. S. Turner, Colfax, Ia., says: "I am very much pleased with it in mental depression from gastric troubles."

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the Camp Fire. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

REMINISCENCE OF HARRISON.

Why a Democrat Who Fought in the Rebellion Will Not Vote for Cleveland—Harrison's Humanity—A Leaf of Unwritten History.

Editor Camp Fire:—With the permission of the editor and the many readers of the Camp Fire, I will try to drop you a few thoughts that have occurred to me, concerning the old war times and the present political campaign, with some reminiscences of Ben Harrison. I was a private in Co. B, 33rd Indiana Volunteers. I am now growing old in years, and pretty well broken down in health, and have had many hardships to endure in my life, in the army as well as out of it. But my trials and labors are now only a sweet remembrance to me, when I can think that they were all for my country and somebody's good. "Greatness is only goodness," and I would like to be great in that way; and one way to be good is to confess our faults when we come to realize them.

I was born in Kentucky and raised by Democratic parents and taught to believe that all the principles of Democracy were good and wholesome, both Christian and humane, and have never believed anything else or known any better until since the two great political parties adopted the platforms and nominated the two men as the standard-bearers of our nation, that I, for one, fought to save and defend. I went into the army a Democrat, and came out a Democrat, and have been one ever since until now, and would be one yet if the party would disgorge itself of its many scabs and sores that I can see now have ever been an eating cancer to the heart core of free and pure philanthropic principles, and would show the respect and regard to the many boys that were true to save this government. I consider myself as much a

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals or firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

Miscellaneous.

68—John Speer, ——, California:

When was the Church Script is used in taking up land, at least in this state?

One of the most prominent lawyers in this city, an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, says he never heard of Church script being used or available in the United States for taking up land. If there is any such thing we cannot find any trace of it.

69—J. B. L., ——:

Please give the genealogy of Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria.

Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Prince-Consort of Great Britain, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was son of Duke Ernest 1st of Saxe-Saalfield-Coburg and Princess Louise of Saxe-Altenburg; born Aug. 26, 1819; died Dec. 14, 1861. The immediate ancestor was Prince Albrecht, second son of Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, surnamed the Pious, who died in 1699. The descent was by eldest sons, either Albrecht's or Ernst's to the late Prince.

70—R. A. D., Monett, Mo.: There never was a vote cast in a South Carolina congressional district, as great or greater than the census returns. But it is alleged that in some Louisiana precincts such a phenomenon has occurred, and also in Mississippi. It is the general impression that in certain localities in the South the election returns are kept back until it is known how many votes are needed to elect municipal, state or federal candidates, as the case may be, and that the number is in all cases promptly furnished.

71—Enquirer, Victoria, Ills.: Is there an offer of a cash reward by any government for a device by which boats may be propelled on canals without washing the banks?

Such an offer was made several years ago by the state of New York, but the specified time of its availability has expired.

72—F. J. Storm, Glenwood, Mo:

1. Please give me the name and address of a Democratic and Republican reporter in Congress? 2. How many Representatives in Congress?

1. O. O. Stanley, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, 1343 F. street, Washington, D. C.; F. B. Mussey, Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, 511 Fourteenth street, Washington, D. C. 2. Senators, 67; members of House of Representatives, 325.

73—A Republican, Sarcoxie, Mo:

Who was Grover Cleveland's substitute in the army? Please give particulars as far as space will permit.

The representative of Grover Cleveland in the Union Army was George Brinski, who died last year in the poorhouse at Bath, New York. He claimed and with some show of credibility that he had not been paid the full sum promised and agreed upon at the time he shouldered his musket and marched to the front to play Mr. Cleveland's part in the suppression of the rebellion.

74—E. M. Steveus, Ashland, Montana:

What is considered the proper engagement ring, plain gold or seal?

Neither. The engagement ring *par excellence*, is a solitaire diamond in crown setting; next in order a low-set turquoise in cluster, generally patterned; next gem-set rings, small and inconspicuous; then band rings, chased or enameled, bearing some symbol or motto, such, for instance, as the beautiful and poetical "Mizpah." The plain gold are not the mode, except for marriage; and seal-rings are the most appropriate for gifts to male friends; they should never be worn by ladies.

76—Milo A. Anclos, Mansfield, O.:

1. Is there any state or states in the United States where a minor over 18 can marry without the lawful guardian's consent or without a license? 2. Is this possible in Canada?

1. See answer to "A Reader, Monroe, Ohio." The marriage of a minor over 18 years of age is legal in any part of the United States or Canada, the guardian's opposition to the contrary, notwithstanding. 2. A marriage may not be solemnized in Canada, either civil or ecclesiastical, without a license. A man and woman who come together and live as husband and wife therein without the performance of a legal ceremony are adjudged guilty of adultery and punished accordingly; though all minors formed outside of Canada are recognized as legal if so recognized in the state or nation where such marriage was formed. The age of consent, or lawful age of marriage, in Canada is 18 for males and 16 for females; and the law prescribes that parent's or guardian's consent must be obtained for the granting of license to either male or female when under the age of 21. But if the license is obtained and the ceremony performed it is binding in any event.

77—J. C. Talbot, Homestead, Chase Co., Kans.:

1. Please give me some information as to inducements held out by the Chilian government to settlers in that country; 2. Also as to climate, soil, etc.

1. See No. 2. The climate of Chili is one of the finest on the globe; at Valparaiso the highest a minor heat recorded is 78 deg., and the lowest 62 deg.; in winter the thermometer rises to 65 deg. As a result of this equable and uniform climate, fruits and flowers flourish profusely. The atmosphere is so remarkably clear that it is estimated that a 6-inch achromatic telescope at Santiago is fully equal to a 15-inch one at the Cape of Good Hope. But they have earthquakes down there often and violent enough to discount an old-fashioned Wabash ague. A large part of the soil is unproductive, yet wherever tillage is applied it is fertile, and yields crops so abundant that Chili exports considerable quantities of cereals and meats. The Chilians are not a long-lived people; pulmonary diseases, affections of the heart and liver, and epidemic dysentery prove fatal to a remarkable extent and reduce the average duration of human life there to a lower point than in more variable climates. Population, 1,972,438.

78—C. S., Marengo, Iowa:

1. Can proof-reading be learned in a printing office? 2. About how long time would be required to learn? 3. What wages are paid?

1. Proof-reading cannot be learned theoretically. A person may learn orthography, etymology and syntax, thoroughly, in a school; but there are rules and tenets of typography which can be learned nowhere but in a printing office. 2. Impossible to say, for it all lies in aptitude. Most people would hammer away at it for a lifetime and die "sticks." 3. From $6 a week to $6 a day. The nature of the work fixes the standard of wages.

79—H. G. Sprague, Brooks Station, Marion county, Oregon; and A. Shane, Windsor——:

The advertisement to which you refer comes to the BLADE through an eastern advertising agency. No paper could undertake to vouch for the responsibility and standing of every one of its advertisers, though the managers of the BLADE use their best judgment to keep out known swindling and bogus advertisements.

80—R. B. Osborn, Laurel Springs, Ash county, N. C.:

You can get the "Congressional Directory" by sending 25 cents to the chief clerk, government printing office, Washington, D. C.

81—S. F. Clark, Nassau, Keokuk Co., Iowa:

Why cannot works of John Ruskin and Canon Farrar, published in this country, be sent to England by mail?

They may be sent; but if discovered they would be confiscated by the British authorities in conformity with the copyright law, which, like our own is intended to protect home writers and publishers.

82—Hattie May Bowker, Clarence, Cedar Co., Iowa: Writes to some music publishing house. You know nothing in the way of advertising is published in this department of the BLADE.

83—A Subscriber, South Charleston, Ohio:

(1.) Please inform me regarding the amount of coal used per day on the fast ocean steamers; (2.) Also, about how many men are required to feed the furnaces on these steamers?

(1.) From 65 to 150 tons. (2.) From 30 to 50 firemen.

84—E. L. S., Perrysburg, O.:

What is the ratio of the quantity of alcohol used in beverage in the United States to that used in the arts?

About 10 per cent.

85—A. A. Burnham, Newmarket, Taylor Co., Iowa:

Was Cleveland's rebel flag order a written order, with his name attached, or only a verbal order?

The return to the various seceding states and local organizations of flags captured by the Union army was not an "order." It was a written recommendation from the President to Congress that all such flags in control of the United States government should be so returned.

86—Subscriber, Edgewood, Ia.:

Who is the author of "Dora Thorne?"

Bertha M. Clay.

87—J. F. Christman, Harford, Cortland co., N. Y.:

Any of the standard cyclopedias will give you the information sought, more satisfactorily than we could find space for.

88—W. S. Brown, Green River, Vt.:

Please publish a short sketch of Gulliver, giving nationality, etc.

"Captain Lemuel Gulliver" is the hero of Swift's marvelous satire on human nature and society known as "Gulliver's Travels." Get it.

Mountain-Land—Free Methodists—Phrenology.

89—E. E. Felt, Almeda, Kans.:

1. Who owns the waste land embraced in the Rocky Mountains? 2. Please tell something about an organization known as Free Methodists. 3. And as much as would be practical about phrenology.

1. To the United States government; except such as is covered by construction patents to the various trans-continental railroads. 2. In 1828 a split occurred in the Methodist body in England and the seceders called themselves "Protestant Methodists;" in 1835 another party left the original body, calling themselves "The Wesleyan Methodist Association;" and in 1849 the "Reformers" appeared. About 1870 these three merged under the name of the "United Methodist church," or "Free Methodists." They number about 75,000 communicants. 3. Phrenology is a system of philosophy founded on the physiology of the brain. It had its origin in the researches and speculations of Franz Joseph Gall, a German physician, about 1796. For many years it was a tremendous success, but modern psychology and physiology have relegated it to the realms of innocuous desuetude. Its general idea was that each particular convolution of the brain was the seat of some sensation or faculty, but modern surgery has demonstrated the possibility of removing a portion of the brain without disturbing the faculty or faculties supposed to be in its peculiar province.

Teachers for South America—Mormonism.

90—School Girl, Newman, Ills.:

1. Can you tell me of an institution that sends teachers to South America? 2. What action have the different state legislatures taken in regard to the Mormons, and were the said legislatures Democratic or Republican?

1. We have never heard of any such institution, nor can we imagine any necessity, outside of a Foreign Missionary Board for its existence. Except the Argentine Republic, there is no South American country that would encourage or tolerate teachers as we know them. 2. The legislature of Illinois granted a charter for the city of Nauvoo, conferring extraordinary privileges on the municipal and church officers, and certain immunities which were so greatly and so persistently abused that in 1845 the charter of Nauvoo was repealed by the legislature, and the Mormons made preparation to move to the Rocky mountains. Except the Congressional laws which culminated in the Edmunds bill, which seems to be the culmination of anti-Mormon legislation, this appears to be all there is on record.

Complexion of Congress.

91—A. H. Waite, Lincoln, Kan.:

What was the political complexion of each Congress—Senate and House—from 1864 to 1878; Republicans, Democrats, Greenbackers, etc.?

The 38th Congress, first session, convened December 7, 1863. The Senate was composed of Republicans and Unconditional Unionists, 36; Conditional Unionists, 5; Democrats, 9. House: Republicans and Unconditional Unionists, 102; Border State Men, 9; Democrats, 75. In the second session were, Senate: Unionists 39, Democrats 12. House: Unionists 103, Democrats 80.

The 39th Congress convened December 4, 1865. Senate: Unionists 40, Democrats 11. House: Unionists 145, Democrats 40. Second session: Senate: Republicans and Unionists 42, Democrats and Conservatives 11.

The 40th Congress convened March 4, 1867, immediately on the expiration of the 39th, and was composed of: Senate: Republicans 42, Democrats 11. House: Republicans 143, Democrats 49, there being a vacancy in the 5th Ohio. Last session, Senate: Republicans 54, Democrats 12. House: Republicans 174, Democrats 48; vacancies existed in the 2d Kentucky, 6th Georgia and 2nd Louisiana districts, making the full House 229.

The 41st Congress convened March 4, 1869, immediately on the expiration of the 40th, and was composed of, Senate: Republicans 55, Democrats, 10; one vacancy, and four states not represented. House: Republicans (admitted to seats) 149, Democrats (admitted) 63; not admitted to seats 25; of the latter, Republicans 10, Democrats 6, Conservatives 6; Georgia had not elected her quota of representatives to make a full House, 244. Last session, Senate: Republicans 61, Democrats 11; not admitted, George 2. House: Republicans 169, Democrats 72, vacancies 2.

The 42nd Congress convened March 4, 1871, and closed its first session April 20, 1871. It was composed of Senate: Republicans 57, Democrats 17, the first full Senate since 1860. House: Republicans 138, Democrats 103, vacancies 2. Last session Senate: Republicans 52, Democrats 17, Liberal Republicans 5, the latter being Trumbull, of Illinois; Sumner, of Massachusetts; Schurz, of Missouri; Tipton, of Nebraska; and Fenton, of New York. House: Republicans 134, Democrats 104, Liberal Republicans 5; the latter being Farnsworth, of Illinois; Banks of Massachusetts; Blair, of Michigan; Goodrich, of New York; and Dodds, of Ohio.

The 43rd Congress convened in December 1873, and was composed of, Senate: Republicans 49, Democrats 19, Liberal Republicans 5, vacancy 1. House: Republicans 194, Democrats 88, Liberal Republicans 4, vacancies 5. Second session, Senate: Republicans 50, Democrats 19, Liberal Republicans 4, vacancy 1. House: Republicans 195, Democrats 85, Liberal Republicans 4, Independent Republican (Crittenden, of New York) 1, vacancy 1.

The 44th congress convened December 1875, and was composed of, Senate: Republicans 42, Democrats 29, Independents 2 (Hamilton of Texas, and Booth of California), vacancy 1. House: Democrats 168, Republicans 108, Liberals and Independents 14, vacancies 2. Second session, at which Colorado's two members were admitted, Senate: Republicans 46, Democrats 29, vacancy 1. House: Democrats 181, Republicans 107, Independents 3, vacancy 2.

The 45th congress convened December, 1877, and was comprised of, Senate: Republicans 39, Democrats 36, Independent 1. House: Democrats 153, Republicans 140. Last session, from December 2, 1878, to March 3d, 1879, Senate: Republicans 39, Democrats 36, Independent, (David Davis of Illinois) 1. House: Democrats 156, Republicans 137, Greenbackers did not appear until the first session of the 46th Congress, which convened March 4, 1879, and was composed of Senate: Democrats 42, Republicans 33 Independent 1. House: Democrats 141, Republicans 130, Greenbackers or Nationals 22.

Benjamin Disraeli—John Bull,

92—C. D. H., Corning, Ohio:

1. Give the life of Benjamin Disraeli. 2. Who was John Bull, and why are the Englishmen called that?

1. Benjamin Disraeli, one of the most astute of modern statesmen and politicians, was the son of Isaac Disraeli, a voluminous author, best known by his "Curiosities of English Literature." He was born in London December 21, 1803, and died there April 19, 1880. As a lad his precocity warranted predictions of a wonderful career, and his development into a statesman, a novelist, and a poet, first in all three, bore out the promise of his youth. He was educated at his home and at private schools, and was placed, at the age of 16, in a lawyer's office, but in his nineteenth year he abandoned the law and began his literary pursuits. His personal beauty, refined manners and original powers of conversation made him widely sought in society. In 1823 he went to Germany, where he traveled and studied until 1826. Returning to England, he was one of the principal contributors to *The Representative*, a paper started in the "Old Corner," which, though it only lived five months, seems to have given him his political bias. In 1828 appeared his novel, "Vivian Grey," followed at close intervals by "Contarini Fleming," "The Young Duke," "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," "The Rise of Iskander," "Henrietta Temple," "Venetia," "Coningsby," "The Sibyl," and "Tancred." Besides these he produced in 1834 a quarto poem "The Revolutionary Epic," and in 1839 "The Infernal Tragedy." He also wrote some pamphlets, among them "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla," "The Crisis Examined," and "A Vindication of the English Constitution," besides a life of Lord George Bentinck. In 1832 he was defeated, as a Radical, in his first candidacy for Parliamentary honors in High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire. In December, 1834, he was again defeated in Wycombe. In 1835 he stood for the constituency of Taunton as a full-fledged Tory, but was beaten again. It was on this occasion that he was charged with "O'Connellism" and called the renowned Irish agitator "a bloody traitor," to which Mr. O'Connell made the retort, "For aught I know, the present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on Calvary." The outcome was the challenge by Disraeli of Morgan O'Connell, who had taken up his father's quarrel, but the challenge was not accepted. In 1837, he was elected to Parliament by the constituency of Middlesex, and took his seat. His first speech in the House was a failure; the members clamored him down in the rude English fashion, but not before he had uttered these prophetic words: "I am not surprised at this reception. I have experienced, I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me." By marriage with the wealthy widow of Mr. Lewis, who had been his colleague in the representation of Maidstone, he became independent in position, and by 1841 he was recognized as the leader of The Young England party. Between that year and 1846 his attacks on Sir Robert Peel were frequent, brilliant and severe. He was then member for Shrewsbury, and in 1847 was elected for Buckinghamshire. In 1852 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Derby, but in the same year that administration fell under the weight of his budget. In 1858 Lord Derby again came into power, and Disraeli was again made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1859 introduced a measure of parliamentary reform which led to the downfall of the ministry. On the return of Lord Derby to power in 1866, Disraeli resumed his place of finance minister, and carried the Reform act of 1867. In February, 1868, he became Premier, and his wife was made Viscountess of Beaconsfield. She died in 1872. December 2, 1868, Disraeli resigned and was succeeded by Mr. Gladstone. In 1870 he published "Lothair," and in 1874, the Parliamentary elections having resulted in a Conservative majority, Mr. Disraeli once more became prime minister. But in 1880 the Tories were swept from power, and Mr. Gladstone again took the helm of state, and Disraeli, as Earl Beaconsfield, took his seat in the House of Lords, and was heard of but little more until his death.

2. John Bull, the familiar name given to the Englishmen, is generally used in a humorous sense, and is not considered disparaging. The English regard it as signifying sturdiness, though sometimes it is used to convey the idea of stupidity, obstinacy and unreasonable rage. It is said to have been first used by Dean Swift, but its first considerable application in literature was made by Dr. Arbuthnot in his allegorical satire, "The History of John Bull," published in 1712.

John Brown.

93—Emile M. Wolfenson, LaCrosse, Wis.:

Will the BLADE please give an account of John Brown and also print the song about him?

John Brown, styled "Ossawattomie," was born in Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800 and was hanged at Charlestown, Va., (now West Virginia), on December 2, 1859. He was fifth in descent from Peter Brown, who landed at Plymouth, Mass., from the Mayflower, Dec. 11, 1620. He received a strictly religious education and at the age of 19 went to Plainfield, Mass., with the intention of entering the Calvinistic ministry, but an affection of the eyes compelled him to return to his father's home at Hudson, Ohio, where he became, at 20, assistant to his father before him. In 1840 he embarked in the wool trade, and six years afterward removed to Springfield, Mass., and opened a wool warehouse. He attempted to establish a system of wool growing, whereby the New England customers to buying direct from producers in the West, whereupon he took a cargo of wool to London, sold it for half its value, and returned a ruined man. In 1849 he removed to North Elba, Essex county, N. Y., where he attempted to found a negro colony he having for years harbored the thought of becoming the liberator of the Southern slaves, but the inclement climate and the poor soil caused the scheme to fail. The project was a failure. In 1857 he returned to Ohio, and again embarked in the wool business. In 1854 his four eldest sons emigrated to Kansas and settled in Lykins county, about eight miles from the village of Ossawattomie. As they were abolitionists they were presently harassed and plundered by the "border ruffians" of that county, and to their support went John Brown with a store of arms and ammunition. Trained by a life of toil to endure hardships, tough and sinewy of body, strictly temperate in his habits, and a brave, resolute and God-fearing man, he was singularly fitted to become a leader in the rough encounters which marked the border warfare of 1854-6. After some desultory fighting which developed his powers of generalship, in the latter part of August 1856, a force of 500 Missourians marched upon the town of Ossawattomie, which was held by Brown with only thirty men, and there, by his vigorous defense and masterly tactics he earned his sobriquet. During the next two years he devoted his energies to training men for what he declared the inevitable appeal to arms to wipe out slavery. About 10 o'clock on the night of Sunday October 16, 1859, he with three of his sons, five colored men and 5 negroes entered the village of Harper's Ferry, Va., where stood a United States arsenal containing between 100,000 and 200,000 stand of arms, which he intended for the use of the thousands of slaves upon the borders that would hasten to join him. Brown took possession of the arsenal, which by nightfall of the next day was surrounded by Virginia militia, and after fighting bravely Brown, and a remaining force of three whites and a few blacks, changed his quarters to an adjoining engine house. At 7 o'clock on the morning of October 18, this refuge was taken by storm, and Brown, fighting desperately to the last was struck down by sabre strokes and while prostrate on the ground was twice bayoneted. On the 27th his trial for "conspiring with negroes to produce insurrection, for treason against the commonwealth of Virginia, and for murder" began; four days afterward he was condemned to be hanged. On the morning of his execution he left the jail "with a radiant countenance and the step of a conqueror," pausing for a moment by the door to kiss a negro child held up to him by its mother. He met his death with perfect composure and tranquility. His body was buried at North Elba, where Wendell Phillips pronounced the funeral oration. The whole country was alive with excitement, and the song "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," served greatly to stir up the patriotism of the North when the gun fired at Sumter gave the signal for civil war. The song and notes may be found at any music store.

Some Astronomical Queries.

94—A. Lane, Fontana, Kans.:

1. Are the geographical and magnetic North Poles the same? 2. If not, where is the Magnetic North Pole? 3. If they are not the same, how can we measure the distance from the Magnetic North Pole to the Geographical North Pole? 4. Does the sun move through space—around some other body?

1. No. The geographical pole is the extremity of the axis of the earth which is on the left hand when facing the rising sun. It is the common saying that it is the "upper" end of the earth's axis, but that is a misnomer; "up" is from the center of the earth, and cannot be confined to one direction. The star Polaris is about in a right line with the earth's axis, but only apparently so, as the "wobble" of the earth causes the north pole to describe a series of erratic circles toward the portion of the heavens in which Polaris is situated. 2. The magnetic North pole cannot be located, as it as variable as the celestial North pole, or even more so. It is stated to somewhere within the Arctic circle between the 68th and 83rd degrees of N. latitude, and moves around the true pole of the earth from East to West, completing a circuit in a period of between six and seven centuries. The north and south variations correspond in a remarkable manner with the inclination of the earth's axes to the lane of its orbit.

3. Therefore, the distances between the constantly changing poles can not be measured. Careful observations may pretty definitely locate the celestial North Pole, and careful experiments with the "dipping needle" give nearly the exact center of magnetic perturbation—but even were these points for the time, no two points determined as practical value would attach thereto, as the attitude of the poles so found would be only temporary.

4. The most modern theory regarding the magnetic current is that it is derived from the movement of the sun through space, that supposed centre of its orbit being Alcyone, the brightest of the group of the Pleiades, those seven beautiful stars situated on the shoulder of the constellation Taurus. The theory is based on the facts that Alcyone is the only apparent point about which our universe of fixed stars seems to be moving and that it is, probably, one of the largest bodies in that universe. Now, if it is taken into account that a point on the earth's equator moves at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour by axial revolution, and that the same point travels about 560,000,000 miles in yearly course around the sun; that is, over 1,500,000 miles a day, or over 1,000 miles a minute, the progressive rapidity with which the earth is hurled into space in its capacity as a satellite, or accompaniment to the sun, cannot be conceived. The plane of the sun's orbit is nearly at right angles with the plane of the earth's orbit, and the earth is being drawn through the ether of space south pole first, the impingement being slightly north. The ether permeates the whole structure of the earth and flows more freely about the periphery than through the substance, and that very freedom makes the surface current subject to perturbations. Hence the observed lessened variability of the mariner's compass in the deep galleries of mines.

—Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Ask For Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and be sure you get it, when you want the best blood-purifier. With its forty years of unexampled success in the cure of Blood Diseases, you can make no mistake in preferring Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood medicines, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still the most popular, being in greater demand than all others combined.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling faster than ever before. I never hesitate to recommend it."—George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Ind.

"I am safe in saying that my sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla far excel those of any other, and it gives thorough satisfaction."—L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Iowa.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills are the best selling medicines in my store. I can recommend them conscientiously."—C. Bickhaus, Pharmacist, Roseland, Ill.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"I have sold your medicines for the last seventeen years, and always keep them in stock, as they are staples. 'There is nothing so good for the youthful blood' as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—R. L. Parker, Fox Lake, Wis.

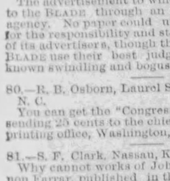
"Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I have in stock. I recommend it, or, as the Doctors say, 'I prescribe it over the counter.' It never fails to meet the cases for which I recommend it, even where the doctors' prescriptions have been of no avail."—C. F. Calhoun, Monmouth, Kansas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; SOAP, 25 cents; RESOLVENT, $1.00. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

BATHERS AND THEIR SUITS.

In the Rolling Breakers at Atlantic City —Where Fashion Disports Itself in the Saucy Waves.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

ATLANTIC CITY, August 10.—[Special letter to the BLADE.]—The season is at the very top notch now, and this fair city by the sea is brilliantly gay. There is one thing about Atlantic City that impresses the average visitor most favorably. That is the variety of people one meets here, and the great extremes in social conditions to be found within a stone's throw of each other. But the chiefest charm is the entire absence of the loud, vulgar men and women who infest other watering places, and by their bizarre manners, loud conversation and general disregard for the feelings of others, make the place unbearable. There is more quiet elegance, more unaffected gaiety of a wholesome nature to be found here at Atlantic City than at any other resort along the coast.

ALONG THE BOARD WALK

You will find laces and satins worn by swell Philadelphians promenading complacently before or behind the neat muslins of the well to do New Jersey farmer's wife. Beaux from Baltimore or Washington, New York or Boston, saunter leisurely along, enjoying the delights of this great human kaleidoscope, unmindful, or rather unconscious, of the young fellows out for a day from the great stores of neighboring cities. Thoroughly democratic are they all, intent only upon the enjoyment to be derived from the salt sea breeze that sweeps up across the finest stretch of hard sand beach to be found on this or any other continent.

This board walk extends five miles or more along the beach, and is lined on the shore side with bathing houses, toy and fruit stores, pretty cafes and places of refreshment. The other side looks down upon the beach, where in the morning and afternoon are seen groups of children building forts and castles in the sand for the incoming tide to demolish. Great sun umbrellas of monstrous size dot the beach, and under them recline maidens fair, reading or sleeping the happy hours away. When the tide is out you will see merry riding parties scampering up and down the hard white sand on the sturdy little ponies, that seem to enjoy the brisk trot along the edge of the breakers fully as much as do the riders.

A WINDY MORNING.

But the time to enjoy the beach the most is between the hours of 11 and 1. That is the bathing hour, and ye gods, how the ladies do improve their opportunity! The bath houses along the board walks are besieged with men, women and children clamoring for bathing suits. But fashionably made up girl disappears in the bath house only to emerge a few moments later arrayed in a garb like this. Daintily she trips down the five or six steps from the board walk to the sand, then with a skip and hop she skims lightly down to the water's edge.

A TYPE.

Ah, a pause. With admirable affectation she pretends to be frightened at the great rolling breakers that send a line of foam fringed water up to her pretty little feet. With a pretty little scream she scampers back, and then turns to chase the receding water, only to be caught by a big breaker that dashes over her and wets her from the tassel of her dainty cap to the soles of her white canvas shoes. Then she is regularly in for it, and she frisks and rambles and screams with delight as wave after wave tumbles and tosses her and brings to her cheeks a healthful glow, such as all the art in the world could not produce.

SOLID COMFORT BY THE SEA.

An hour later you see her sitting in a pavilion, resting after the pleasures of a bath, casting an occasional glance at the lively scene in front of her. By this time the beach is fairly alive with bathers and spectators, and there are cries and screams of delight from the hundreds of sportive people tumbling in the surf. See that jolly party out there between the first and second line of breakers. They are

HAVING MORE FUN

than the traditional box of monkeys.

While the prevailing color in bathing suits is dark blue, trimmed with white, there are any number of very elaborate costumes, and while they are generous as to display of figure, are not immodest nor unbecoming. There is one strikingly beautiful blonde from Philadelphia who wears a lace bonnet in the surf, taking care not to get it wet. Another wraps her head and face in a veil, like a Turkish woman venturing outfroma harem, but in this case it is the sun of the heavens, not the sons of men, against whom she seeks to protect her face. Another of the swell and fair excursionists from Philadelphia invariably wears a beautiful corsage bouquet, which the waves first wilt, and then flower after flower wash away. The most spectacular costumes worn by girls are of bright scarlet flannel made up in one loose garment, as shown in the accompanying cut, extending from neck to knee, and would be rather shapeless if it were not for a tight belt, giving proof in support of the accusation that corsets are generally worn in for it, and she frisks and rambles and screams with delight as wave after wave tumbles and tosses her and brings to her cheeks a healthful glow, such as all the art in the world could not produce.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

THE CELEBRATED NERVE TONIC.

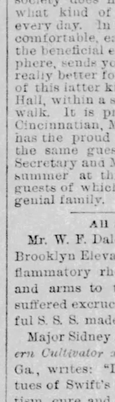
A Word to the Nervous You are painfully aware that you have nerves? Then you are sick. A healthy boy has as many as you, but he doesn't know it. That is the difference between "sick" and "well."

Why don't you cure yourself? It is easy. Don't wait. Paine's Celery Compound will do it. Pay your druggist a dollar, and enjoy life once more. Thousands have. Why not you?

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

she would most imperatively shield. But these glaring ones are few as compared with the many who wear unconspicuous blue flannel, and, bearing in mind that it is considered right when in Rome to do as the Romans do, there need be no outcry about immodesty at Atlantic City.

The sights and scenes on the beach during the bathing hour would alone make a two-column article, and this is already long enough to show that Atlantic City is a most delightful resort. It has been said that this place is composed of salt water, sand and hotels. True it is that the principal houses here are hotels and boarding houses, and they are infinite in their variety. You may have all the style and fashion you want, or you may live just as comfortably as you desire. It's all a matter of individual preference. There are hotels here where dress is the one thing in life, where the ultra fashionable people spend their summer, and in their ultra fashionable way enjoy themselves. On the other hand there are elegantly quiet hotels where you find all the comforts of home life; where society does not decide how many and what kind of costumes you shall wear every day. In short you live a thoroughly comfortable, easy existence, which, with the beneficial effects of the bracing atmosphere, sends you home in the fall feeling really better for your vacation. The best of this latter kind of hostelries is Haddon Hall, within a stone's throw of the board walk. It is presided over by an old-time Cincinnatian, Mr. Edwin Lippincott, who has the proud distinction of entertaining the same guests every season for years. Secretary and Mrs. Vilas are spending the summer at this delightful hotel, all the guests of which seem like one large congenial family. E. R. COLBON.



A PHILADELPHIENNE.

All Sorts of Poison.

Mr. W. F. Daley, Advertising Agent of the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad, writes: "Inflammatory rheumatism swelled my legs and arms to twice their natural size. I suffered excruciating pain. Your wonderful S. S. S. made a complete cure.

Major Sidney Herbert, editor of the *Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer*, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I have fully tested the virtues of Swift's Specific, both as a rheumatism cure and a tonic. It has done even more than its proprietors claim for it.

Mr. Michael Long, Jr., with the Strobridge Lithographic Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "I suffered for two years with a terrible itching and painful sores on my neck, arms, hands and fingers. No physician could help me. S. S. S. relieved me perfectly and I feel like a new man.

Mrs. Amanda Ingle, of Gastonia, N. C., writes: "My baby, when four months old, developed scrofula. He had two severe risings and sores on the neck. I sent for our family physician, who pronounced it scrofula, and prescribed S. S. S. for it. I gave the baby S. S. S. and it soon got the disease under control. The sores are healed, and the baby is well and healthy. I know S. S. S. saved its life, and I told our doctor so. He is a regular physician, and prescribed S. S. S. for the baby as soon as he saw it had scrofula.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

DIDN'T STEAL THE WIFE.

If He Had Stuck to His Plan of Campaign He Would Not Have Been Caught.

The following colloquy which occurred between a converted horse-thief and Judge Noonan the other day, is vouched for by *Texas Siftings:*

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?" asked Judge Noonan, of San Antonio, of a converted horse-thief.

"No, Judge. I've not got anything much to say. It's all my own fault. I brought it on myself."

"I suppose you got into bad company?"

"No, that's not what I meant."

"What did you mean?"

"I mean that I deserve all I get because I didn't stick to my campaign plan. As long as I stole horses according to my campaign plan I never was convicted. The owner of the hoss never followed me."

"Why, how was that?"

"Whenever I stole a man's hoss I made it a rule to run away with his wife, and then he never followed me. Taking his wife off sorter reconciled him to the loss of his hoss, but as soon as I quit taking the woman along I was followed and arrested. Jess sock it to me, Judge. I deserve all you kin give me for being sich a darned fool."

"You are a very dangerous man to be at large in this section of the country," replied the judge, assessing the maximum penalty of fifteen years.

From Birth to the Grave

We carry with us certain physical traits, as we do certaen mental characteristics. Insomuch that psychologists have striven to designate by generic titles certain temperament—as the bilious, the nervous, the lymphatic. The individual with a sallow complexion is set down as bilious, often rightly so. If the saffron in the hue of his skin is traceable to bile in the blood, its presence in the wrong place instead of the liver, will also be evinced by fur on the tongue, pain beneath the right ribs and through the right shoulder blade, sick headache, constipation, flatulence and indigestion. For the relief of this very common but not essentially perilous complaint there is no more genial and thorough remedy than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also a beneficent and wholly esteemed remedy for and preventive of fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles.

Success and Failure.

Writing of success and failure in business, Mr. J. T. Shayne, of Shayne & Co., says:

"As I am only 36 years of age, I can not say I am fully 'onto' the secret of success, but I have my idea of the qualifications necessary to be a successful man in a mercantile business.

"First, strict integrity and a good common sense; second, labor indefatigably; third, understand the business you embark in; fourth, advertise your business judiciously; fifth, make no misrepresentations; sixth, never break your promises; seventh, let your honor be the 'apple of your eye;' eighth, keep your expenses within your income, and success will crown your efforts. Causes of failure: lack of application and of the above qualifications."

Congress to Have a Rival.

Washington bids fair to have a national zoological garden. If it does Congress will become a minor attraction to sightseers.—*New York Press.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

Undoubtedly Insane.

Lawyer—"What complaint have you against your wife that you want a divorce?"

"Her mind is not rightly balanced."

"What hallucination does she labor under?"

"She thinks that I'm a carpet sweeper."

"Singular, indeed. How do you know she thinks that?"

"Well, she uses me as one several times a day."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1888.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
LEVI P. MORTON,
Of New York.

Circulation Last Week, 145,000.

SEE THE FIGURES CLIMB!

The above figures tell their own story. They tell us that the magnificent paper we are now furnishing the people is appreciated; that the masses are with us in the battle that we are waging for the United States and its home interests against British free trade, and the shameless conspiracy of ex-rebels with New York importers to force this policy upon the country. Elsewhere on this page will be found an explanation of the inexcusable delay of over 30,000 Harrison portraits in the Toledo postoffice. Read it. It shows what we have to contend against. We want the aid of every Republican to raise clubs and help us to overcome the present incompetent administration.

TO REPUBLICAN WORKERS.

THE CHEAPEST OFFER EVER MADE

BY ANY NEWSPAPER, AT ANY TIME.

THE BLADE 3 MONTHS FOR 20 CENTS.

NOTICE — THREE MONTHS CARRIES THE SUBSCRIBER BEYOND THE DATE OF THE ELECTION.

We have determined to come as near giving away the BLADE from this time till after the Presidential election as possible, this being one step in addition to the success of Republicanism and the election of HARRISON and MORTON.

From this date on, terms for the BLADE will be as follows:

THREE MONTHS, single subscription.....20c.

THREE MONTHS, single subscription, with Harrison Portrait.....30c.

For club rates (enormously low) write to us for campaign terms.

The rates above given are much less than the cost of paper and printing, but we are willing to do it.

☞ We are willing to do it, because the country can not afford to have the government made the ally of England.

☞ We do it because the country can not afford to have its industries prostrated and its finances deranged.

☞ We do it because the country can not afford to have tens of thousands of honest, virtuous workingmen made idle, that English industries may thrive.

☞ We do it because the country can not afford to become a mere producer of raw materials for foreign manufacturers.

☞ We do it because we believe most sincerely that the triumph of free trade in this campaign means the ruin of our industries and hard times for the farmers and everybody else.

☞ We do it, because we have the interests of the veterans who wore the blue at heart, and want them to have proper pensions.

☞ While the BLADE will be red-hot in its support of Republicanism and Protection, and will furnish everything in the way of political information and argument that will advance the cause,

ALL THE DEPARTMENTS

That have made the paper so highly prized in families for the past quarter of a century, will be carefully maintained. Its political features will be additional.

RAISE CLUBS AT ONCE.

Campaign committees, men and women who have the cause at heart, can do nothing better to aid in the work than by raising clubs for the BLADE. Send for campaign club terms.

We would give the BLADE away if we could. As it is, we come as near to it as possible.

☞ Roll in the clubs, and get at the good work at once.

NOT HARRISON, BUT BEECHER.

The lie so freely circulated immediately after the nomination of HARRISON, that he had uttered the sentiment, "A dollar a day is enough for any workingman," has been dropped by the Democratic papers of the better class, as it was an admitted falsehood. We find, however, that it is industriously circulated in some portions of the country, especially in the South, by the small country papers.

In this connection we give a letter from a correspondent at Fresno, California which is interesting as showing that HENRY WARD BEECHER was probably the one who used the expression. It seems incredible that he should have ever said such a thing, but we give the letter for what it is worth:

FRESNO, Cal., July 30, 1888.—EDITOR BLADE:—Noticing the "one dollar a day" story, told against Harrison by the Democrats, I will state that when Henry Ward Beecher lectured in San Francisco, some years ago, he said that "One dollar a day was quite sufficient for any working man." My mother attended the lecture, and came home quite indignant. She had been one of his most ardent admirers, but that cured her. Her son was a working man.

MRS. M. H. JOHNSON.

AN ENGLISH OPINION.

Our Democratic friends are receiving much aid and comfort from their British allies, though we fancy that just now they would a little sooner have the English press modify the tone of articles in their favor, on account of their reacting influence on this side of the water. Here are some sample extracts from the London Sunday *Times*, of July 15 last:

The electioneering campaign in America ought to be most interesting to the English people for historical, political, philosophical and economic reasons. * * * The main question at issue is English free trade against the Continental system of protection. * * *

The American election is infinitely more important to Englishmen than their own internal politics just at this juncture, and they should observe every phase of the campaign closely and understandingly. It is from this point of view that the copious dispatches to the Sunday *Times* are cabled. The result of the American election will help to decide many important issues in Great Britain.

THE British newspapers are all discussing the tariff struggle in America with the deepest interest. Every one of them is anxious for the success of CLEVELAND and the free trade party, and the reason is clearly given in the following from the *British Hosiery Review*, a trade paper:

We venture to assert that England will reap the largest share of any advantages that may arise from the adoption of the ideas now advocated by the free trade party in the United States.

HERE is another little synopsis of certain sectional features of the Mills bill that the voters of the North should bear in mind:

Louisiana sugar.....	82 per cent. duty
South Carolina and Mississippi rice.....	113 per cent. duty
Southern peanuts.....	55 per cent. duty
Ohio wool.....	No duty
Wisconsin lumber.....	No duty
Michigan and New York salt.	No duty
Northern potatoes.....	No duty

"Of all the delusions I have ever known, the idea of political equality between the white and black races seems to me the greatest."—*Judge Thurman.*

THE NEW JERSEY LIQUOR LAW AND THE THIRD PARTY.

The recent decision of the Supreme court of the state of New Jersey, declaring the constitutionality of the liquor law passed by the legislature last winter, is a matter of sincere congratulation on the part of all enemies of the Rum Power. The decision was of the nature of a very disagreeable surprise to the liquor men of the state, as certain persons who claimed to be familiar with the views of the justices of the Supreme court had declared there could be no doubt but the act would be declared unconstitutional. So sure were many saloonists that this would be the case that on the Sunday previous there were members who openly sold Rum, contrary to the provisions of the law, and everywhere there were preparations to resume the old free whisky regime. The decision came like a bolt from a clear sky, and spread the deepest consternation among the Rum dealers and their allies.

The decision is heartily welcomed by all lovers of good order and temperance, and especially by those who believe in Sabbath observance. It is a decided triumph for the Republicans of the state of New Jersey, as the bill was brought up in the legislature last winter as a distinctively Republican measure, and was passed by Republican votes. The measure met with the bitterest opposition from the Democratic members, and when it was passed was promptly vetoed by Governor GREEN, who is a Democrat. The bill was, however, promptly passed over the governor's veto, and then a case was made up, brought as speedily as possible to trial in the lower court and pushed on to the Supreme court on appeal. The Democrats all over the state jubilantly anticipated that the highest tribunal in the state would declare it unconstitutional. The Supreme bench, however, refused to be made a partisan machine to do the bidding of the Rum Power; that court decided the law to be constitutional, and the wrath and dismay of the Democrats is only equalled by that of the Rum Power.

The law, whose validity is thus affirmed, is an extremely stringent high license act, combined with local option. It permits each county to determine whether it will license the sale of Rum or whether it shall be prohibited altogether. It puts a curb upon the Rum Power, and is considered one of the best regulatory measures ever enacted into law. To any man who is an enemy of the Rum traffic, and who is not blinded by selfish partisanism, the passage of this law and the affirmation of its validity by the Supreme court are a matter of rejoicing. It marks a decided advance in the warfare against Rum. Battles are not won at a blow. This law marks a decided advance against Rum and the holding of the position in spite of the most furious attacks of the enemy. It gives a vantage ground whence the enemies of the Rum Power may operate more effectively against the foe.

But, strange as it may seem to those who suppose that the third-party Prohibitionist leaders are really concerned for the suppression of the Rum traffic, those of New Jersey, and also elsewhere, join with the Democrats in their bitter opposition to the law. They assail it with as much venom and fury as the New Jersey Democrats themselves. And their reason is twofold: first, that the law was passed by the Republicans; second, that it will tend to largely reduce the third-party strength in New Jersey! When the Republican party recognized the popular demand for restriction in the Rum traffic, these third-party politicians felt their own influence had received a set back. They furiously argued that the law was unconstitutional as soon as it had been passed, showing clearly their hope that the Supreme court would annul it, in order that they might have an opportunity to go before the people and declare that the Republicans only pretended to be opposed to Rum, and that they enacted the law, knowing it could not stand examination by the Supreme court, in order to humbug the people; and then to claim themselves as the only real enemies to Rum. But the decision crushed their partisan hopes.

Hence they strike hands with the Democrats in abusing the law, and upbraiding the Republicans for its enactment. This is a fitting thing for these men to do, for they, at least, desire exactly the same thing as do the Democrats—the defeat of the Republican party. They know they can achieve nothing in this campaign, and therefore are aiming to hold the voters who comprise their party into line in order that the Democrats may win. Their action in New Jersey is but additional proof that the purposes of the third-party leaders are as follows—the items being arranged in the order of importance:

1.—The defeat of the Republican party and the consequent triumph of the free trade Democracy. In order to do this they oppose—

2.—Any anti-liquor legislation by anybody, in the hope that the anti-liquor men will thus join them, and

3.—Make the third party strong enough to carry some state and congressional elections, and thus

4.—Elect themselves to office, which they ardently desire, and know they can never get in any other way.

5.—Prohibition.

The fundamental error they aim to infuse into people's minds is that there is no way of dealing with the Rum Power except through a party which makes that an issue. It is a fact that not one bit of legislation against Rum stands to their credit. The Prohibitory legislation of Maine, Iowa, Kansas and Rhode Island; the local option legislation in almost a score of states, which has done an immense amount of work for good; the restrictive legislation in many other states, has, as a rule, had the opposition, open or secret, of these men who cloak themselves in the garb of religion or morality to compass their personal ambitions, and aid them to reach official station. They are like the Pharisees of old, whose religious ostentation and real hypocrisy received the terrible condemnation of the Savior during his stay upon earth.

But the people are not with them in their ambitious schemes. The New Jersey Republicans are reasonably certain that a large proportion of the 19,000 votes which were cast for the Prohibition candidate at the last election for governor will again be Republican. The decision of the Supreme court leaves no excuse for the existence of any Prohibitionist who has the ordinary allotment of common sense in his brains. The only effect which a Prohibitionist vote in that state this year can have is to strengthen the Democratic party, which if it should carry the next legislature, now held by the Republicans on a very narrow margin of a majority, would triumphantly repeal the new law with a rush. There can be no surer way than this by which the Prohibitionists of New Jersey could play into the hands not of the Democratic party alone but of the banded whisky interest.

And the duty of the Republican party of that state is to take its stand boldly and uncompromisingly on this question. It has enacted a wise, sound and much-needed law. It should now resolve with heart and soul and might and main that this law shall be enforced. There must be no false pretence or double dealing. It would indeed be better to lose the state than to juggle with the issue. The Republicans of New Jersey are in the right, and with a good cause they should go before the people without fear. It will have the people with it in its effort to deal a staggering blow to the Rum interest, and attract to its standard all those who believe in any and all legislation which aids in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

"GENERAL" AND "LIEUTENANT GENERAL."

There is apparently a great deal of confusion existing in the popular mind regarding the two highest grades ever existing in the United States army—those of "General" and "Lieutenant General," the former being the higher, and the supremest titular honor that has ever been conferred by Congress upon any military officer.

The rank of Major General is the highest regular grade known to the army. By special acts of Congress some years ago, and Presidential appointments, General W. T. SHERMAN became General, and SHERIDAN Lieutenant General, of the regular army. But the acts which created these grades (or rather revived them) provided that both should end with the occupancy of these two illustrious soldiers.

When General SHERMAN was retired, under the law making retirement compulsory at a certain age, the rank of "General" expired, and the highest grade was then Lieutenant General, filled by SHERIDAN, the commander in chief of the army. On May 30 and June 1 last, when SHERIDAN was stricken down with fatal illness, the two houses of Congress passed the bill reviving the grade of General. The President at once appointed him to the grade, as was the intent of the act.

This vacated the rank of Lieutenant General, and it became extinct. There is no such rank now authorized, and nobody will be raised to that grade, unless Congress shall pass an act reviving the position. By the death of SHERIDAN, the same thing occurred regarding the grade of General. The highest authorized rank in the army is now Major General, and General SCHOFIELD, the ranking officer of that grade, will become, doubtless, the commander in chief of the army. But his title will still be Major General, unless Congress passes a law creating a higher grade. It is not probable that this step will be taken. The two higher grades were created to do honor to the three great captains of the Union Army—GRANT, SHERMAN and SHERIDAN. Two of them are dead, the third on the retired list, with the right to use the title of General, which was his rank when he was retired.

BOND PURCHASES.

Up to and including August 4, the amount of bonds purchased in the open market and retired, and the cost to the government, are as follows:

Denomination.	Amount redeemed.	Aggregate cost.
4 per cents.....	$18,740,850	$23,801,408
4½ per cents.....	9,157,300	9,859,637
Total.....	$27,898,150	$33,661,045

The government paid $5,762,895 more than the face of the bonds; but they have been cancelled and the interest on them stopped. The 4 per cents are not due until 1907—nineteen years hence; while the 4½ per cents fall due in 1891, having only three years to run. Hence the government would have to pay, in interest alone, on these bonds if they had run until they wore due, as follows:

On the 4 per cents.....	$14,109,956
On the 4½ per cents.....	1,236,084
Total interest.....	$15,346,084

As the government's money, piled up in the treasury, draws no interest, the people have saved the difference between the above total and the premium paid:

Interest.....	$15,346,040
Premium paid.....	5,762,895
Amount saved.....	$ 9,583,145

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

GENERAL HARRISON, in a speech to a visiting delegation a few days ago, had the following to say on the matter of the surplus and tariff revision. It meets the approval of every voter of the land who believes in the industrial independence of this country:

We are confronted now with a national surplus. Our condition is peculiar. We are not seeking, as other nations are, new subjects of taxation, but how to reduce a surplus in our Treasury. I agree that the time may come when a surplus, but I believe that in any attempt to reduce the surplus the purpose to preserve our our protective system should be kept in mind. I do not want to intrust this work to those who declare that the protective principle is vicious and a legalized robbery. The Republican party has wisely chosen a list of articles to be exempted, and it has always demonstrated its ability to adjust this question without interfering with the preservation of the protection principle. It can now be trusted to reduce the surplus and to do it wisely.

HERE is the tariff question in a nutshell:

Our manufacturers can compete with those of Europe if they can get their work done as cheaply as it is done in Europe.

Our present scale of wages is only possible with a protective tariff.

The question to be decided at the polls this fall is, whether we shall continue the protective principle and keep up wages, or destroy it and reduce wages to the European standard.

MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY, of the Knights of Labor, said in a speech:

I am a high tariff man and a protectionist for the reason that I am an American and a friend of American labor. No workingman has ever called for any reduction, and no reduction should be made until it has been demanded by the people. We need no tariff tinkering. We want protection from one end of the country to the other. Touch not the tariff. Raise the duties so high that not a single article of foreign manufacture can come into the country.

THE Albany *Times* is Governor HILL'S personal organ. Its love for CLEVELAND is shown in the following:

The President might have used his message on the civil service for a second letter of acceptance. It will suit as well as any he may write, but a letter of declination would be the strongest card.

HENRY GEORGE has been on a visit to Washington, and says in his paper that CLEVELAND is a stronger free trader than his message showed; that the original draft was reviewed by several free trade leaders, and many sentences modified, as they feared to have the President take so radical a free trade position before the country.

IF the Democrats are really opposed to Chinese immigration, why do they not stiffen the backbone of the federal administration, and have it stop the drift of Chinamen over the border from British Columbia? There is a large influx by that route, and the laxity of the government officials is the cause.

THE characteristic of the present campaign is the steady drift of thinking voters of all classes to the side of protection. The Republican stand upon this doctrine receives the approval of all men who take the pains to inform themselves upon the results of the proposed Democratic free trade policy.

HERMAN DOEFER, of San Jose county, California, a flockmaster owning 150,000 sheep, says that should the Mills bill pass, his business would be ruined, and he will be compelled to sell his flocks to the highest bidder. The wool-growers of the Pacific coast share his view, almost to a man.

THE report comes from Albany that DAN LAMONT, CLEVELAND'S private secretary, has negotiations pending in that city for his return to private life the coming winter. The astute DANIEL notes the drift of things, and don't believe in CLEVELAND'S re-election.

THE Philadelphia *North American* puts the following pertinent conundrum:

What will it profit a man if he gain free trade and lose his situation?

THERE is some hope of a Republican victory in Florida, if the honest counting of the ballots can be secured.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FOREIGN TRADE.

An editorial article in the Toronto *Empire*, reviewing the foreign trade of Great Britain, contains two statements that are useful as pointers in the tariff discussion of the United States. Our Canadian contemporary, in speaking of the fact that Great Britain's exports have increased, for the first six months of 1888, some thirty millions of dollars over the corresponding period of 1887, says:

This increase has been accompanied with a shrinkage of business between Great Britain and the United States, especially marked in the iron trade. The British exports of iron and steel to the states for the first half of this year amounted only to 327,000 tons, being somewhat less than in the corresponding period of '86, and not half of the amount exported in the first six months of last year, when 688,000 tons were exported. In pig iron, too, notwithstanding a decline in price, there has been a decrease of 10 per cent. in quantity, and 20 per cent. in value of the exports as compared with the first half of last year.

This is a satisfactory state of affairs, so far as the United States is concerned. We are using iron produced in this country rather than sending our money over the sea to buy of Great Britain. The Mills bill, however, proposes to change all that. It provides for such reduction in the iron tariff as will cause a vast increase to be made in the imports of English iron. The reductions in the iron and steel schedule are from 10 to 33⅓ per cent. on the various kinds of iron and steel. The second extract is as follows:

The export trade to Canada has not been satisfactory either for the month or six months. In the six months the export value amounted to $12,345,000, or nearly two millions and a half of dollars less than in '87, while the June exports only reached $5,920,000, in contrast with $6,840,000 for June, '87. Obviously Canada, under her wise protective policy, is ever becoming better able than before to supply her own home market with the manufactured goods she had formerly to import from the Old Country and elsewhere.

Canada has a protective tariff, but not so complete as our own. As is shown above, it is gradually cutting off the imports from the mother country, while its lack of completeness is demonstrated by the fact that Canada's finances are in a bad condition, and she is going deeper into debt each year. The two extracts are worth consideration by those who are pondering whether it is wise or not to change the policy which has made our country so prosperous, and made our workingmen the best paid in the world.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THE Associated Press report of Gov. GORDON'S speech before the Georgia Democratic state convention contains this paragraph:

He hoped that the time may come when the solid South will not be necessary, but thanked God that now, when it was necessary, the South remained solid. A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested.

Governor GORDON should have explained what the necessity is for the solidity of the South. He assumes that it is necessary: why? Does he think it the highest statesmanship to perpetuate sectionalism rather than nationalism? And there are several millions of people in the North who would be glad to know under what condition of affairs a solid South will no longer be necessary. We hope the Governor will enlighten us on these points.

A NEW YORK importing house recently received a consignment of woolen goods from an English manufacturer, accompanied by the following letter of instructions:

Have these goods deposited in the United States bonded warehouses, there to await the passage of the Mills bill. In case that bill does not become a law then hold the goods in bond until the election of Cleveland and a Congress that will assure a free trade tariff. You will then put them on the market for sale.

We fear these goods will fall a prey to moth and decay before the contingency arises which will allow them to be put on the market.

A CORRESPONDENT in Ash county, North Carolina, says the Republicans in that state will do their best "to send GROVER to London to buy bandana handkerchiefs to wipe the tears from the rebels' eyes after the November election." That might be a good scheme, and it might not. Bandanas are certainly cheaper in England to-day than in the United States, but after November 6 next, they will be in no demand here; and as demand regulates cost to a great extent, the wipes will probably come low right here at home, then.

THE London *Times* says that the Cobden Club, having done all it can in Europe, is turning its eyes to this country, and "cannot rest while the United States are unsubdued." Its success will be about as great here as in continental Europe. For the past ten years there has been a steady extension of the protective principle, notably in France, Germany and Russia.

TWICE the Methodist Episcopal church, through its highest body, the General conference, has expressed the view on the "free whisky" matter:

We are unalterably opposed to the enactment of laws that propose by license, taxing, or otherwise, to regulate the drink traffic, because they provide for its continuance and afford no protection against its ravages.

AMONG the Democrats who are coming over to the banner of HARRISON and protection is Gen. JAMES A. WALKER, a late Democratic Lieutenant Governor of Virginia. What! Virginia Democrats wheeling into line? What if the South should be no longer solid?

☞ *Our Tariff Primer, now running in our columns, is the best handbook on the tariff yet written. Help to circulate it by getting new subscribers for the* BLADE.

ENGLAND produces twice as much cloth and clothing as its people can afford to buy. In this country we make nearly four-fifths as much as England does, and our people have money enough to buy it all, and also to buy largely of imported goods.

THE saloonists of New York have been asked to contribute three dollars each to the Democratic campaign fund in that state. The money thus collected should be used in aiding the third-party Prohibitionists, whose campaign is in the direct interest of the Democrats.

THE wages of iron workers in England have fallen 21 per cent. in the last 22 years. During the same time wages in the United States have increased, while the prices of manufactured goods have largely decreased.

THE Democratic papers are now all trying to claim that the Mills bill is a protection measure. They might as well spend their time in trying to prove that black is white.

"I HAVE been a rebel, a slave owner and a fire-eating Democrat, but, thank God, never a Republican."—Brooks, third-party candidate for Vice President.

No Northern Democrat has ever been re-elected for the Presidency. No Republican candidate of Ohio birth ever failed of election to the same office.

THE Democratic press would like very much to have people suppose that General HARRISON is jealous of Mr. BLAINE'S popularity. Rats!

CHAIRMAN BRICE'S trouble seems to be that, though he is "long" on cash, he is "short" on votes.

CLINTON B. FISK, the third-party candidate for President, is a Wall street speculator.

BLAINE'S RETURN.

JAMES G. BLAINE is once again upon the soil of his native land, and received with a welcome befitting the high place he holds in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. He refused the honor the Republican party was anxious to bestow upon him—the candidacy for the position of Chief Magistrate; but he returns from his foreign tour to take the place of leader in the campaign, and to use his best and heartiest efforts for the success of the party of progress and protection.

Mr. BLAINE'S course, in cordially and unhesitatingly accepting an onerous duty, that will involve weeks of continuous travel and speech-making, is in strong contrast with that of many other distinguished Republican leaders in the campaign of four years ago. They either sulked, or gave BLAINE'S candidacy only perfunctory support, because their *amour propre* was nettled by his nomination over their heads. BLAINE has never evinced any such pettiness of spirit. He seeks the good of Republicanism before anything else, and rises superior to any mere personal feeling when his party asks him for his powerful aid.

The ovation which greeted Mr. BLAINE on his arrival is but a faint expression of the sentiment that warms the hearts of more than half the nation at the mention of his name. From Maine to California, in city and hamlet, in the factory and on the farm, the name of JAMES G. BLAINE is a talisman that kindles the eye and quickens the blood, a bond that makes strangers instant friends and a possession that inspires every true American with fresh pride in his country. Even his bitterest enemies are constrained to admit, while they cannot explain or understand, the prevalence of this sentiment. But the explanation is easy. He is the ideal American—the man whose talents and personal worth endears him to the masses. And it is this feeling of the people which will make JAMES G. BLAINE a power in the campaign that will carry the Republican ticket on to victory.

GROVER'S VETO RECORD.

During his four years of service in the executive chair, President HAYES vetoed twelve bills, of which only one was passed over his veto; yet the Democrats of Ohio, in their state platform of 1879, embodied this plank:

Resolved, That President Hayes, by his frequent interposition of the veto, in order to defeat legislation that was plainly constitutional, that in no way interfered with the independence of any other department of the government and had received the mature consideration of Congress, has shown an utter disregard of the principles and considerations that induced the insertion of the veto power in the constitution, and a like disregard of the wishes and the welfare of the people.

CLEVELAND has been President nearly three and a half years, and in that time has vetoed considerably over *two hundred* bills. He has vetoed more bills than all the Presidents from WASHINGTON to ARTHUR inclusive. How is that for "disregard of the wishes and the welfare of the people," so pathetically spoken of in the Ohio Democratic plank quoted above?

WE WANT CAMPAIGN AGENTS.

We offer better terms than any other paper for campaign subscribers to the BLADE. Those who wish to make a neat sum with but little exertion are requested to write to use at once for agents' terms for campaign subscriptions. Send also a list of names of persons to whom we may mail sample copies.

THE Canadian papers are congratulating the farmers of the Dominion on the prospect of tariff reduction, on the ground that it will enable them to find a better market for their wheat, hay, potatoes, peas, cheese, and other products without having to ship them abroad. The Mills bill places beans, peas and cabbages on the free list. The duty of 10 per cent now imposed brings in a revenue of $2,000,000 a year on those imported from Canada. Its removal simply makes a present of that amount to the Canadian farmers, and will increase the importations enormously, a the expense of our own farmers.

CLEVELAND vetoed a bill to pension a soldier who, after some Southern prison-pen experience, joined the rebel army to escape starvation, deserted to our own lines, rejoined his regiment and served out his time. Then he appointed to a fat place as Indian Inspector a man named ARMSTRONG, who deserted from the Union ranks at the battle of Bull Run, joined the Confederates, and served there with such satisfactory results that he became a commissioned officer. The inference is that the first named committed an unpardonable sin in not remaining in the rebel army.

THE Troy, N. Y., *Times* publishes the following note from Col. INGERSOLL, written in reply to a query concerning the stupid charge that he said, in his famous speech at Chicago, "I hate GOD and love GRESHAM:"

The charge made by the Rev. Hiscock to the effect that I had said in the Chicago convention that I hated God and loved Gresham, or that such a remark was ever made by me, is without the slightest foundation in fact. The Rev. Hiscock seems to have more zeal than sense.

AT the recent conference of window glass manufacturers and their employes, to fix the rate of wages for the ensuing year, it was provided that should there be a reduction of the tariff on glass the men agreed that they should accept a reduction of wages. Is it not clear in this case that the tariff is a factor in fixing the rate of wages?

OUR Democratic brethren of the press use this queer logic: They declare that protection is "a burden on the people," "legalized robbery," etc., in one paragraph, and in the next declare that the Mills bill is not a free trade measure, but is strongly protective. These statements don't consist, somehow.

THE British minister to this country, Sir LIONEL SACKVILLE WEST, has come out with a public defense of the Mills bill. This impertinence is of a kind that has never before been committed by a representative of a foreign government to the United States.

☞ *Send us the names of all Republicans in your vicinity who do not take the* BLADE, *and we will mail them sample copies.*

A CORRESPONDENT in Roane county, Tennessee, writes his opinion that the Republicans will, without the shadow of a doubt, carry Tennessee in November for HARRISON and MORTON, on the issue of protection to American industries and American workingmen.

A SUBSCRIBER at Port Byron, N. Y., in renewing his subscription, adds this postscript.

Everything looks very bright for the success of the Republican ticket in the state of New York. "Protection to American Industries" is the rallying cry, and it is going to win as against British free trade, with its pauperized labor.

ENGLAND is the country in which trusts originated, and where they have flourished for years. Trusts did not become prominent there until 1848—two years after she adopted free trade. Does this show that trusts are due to our tariff?

IT is one of the anomalies of American politics that a single colored man in the entire nation should be in favor of the Democratic party, for wherever that party has full control the negro is denied his political rights.

THE speeches of BROOKS, the Missouri Confederate who is the third-party Prohibitionist candidate for Vice President, are hurting that party because of their violent Southern complexion.

HARRISON, HOVEY, and "Hustle the Democrats" is the watchword of the Indiana Republican campaign.

SUGAR AND THE MILLS BILL.

A correspondent at Antwerp, Ohio, does not understand the changes in the sugar tariff as proposed by the Mills bill, given in the synopsis printed recently in the BLADE. The *first* figures given in that schedule denote the duty as it is under the present law; then, after the dash (—) is given the rate proposed by the Mills bill. The Ways and Means committee called in Mr. HAVEMEYER, the head of the sugar trust, and rearranged the rates to suit the refiners. They went through all the varieties of sugar, molasses and candy, and effected a reduction of something over $11,000,000 in the revenues. And this is a real reduction, for the rates would not be arranged to suit the trust if the trust had any fear that importations would be stimulated to the injury of these monopolies. So the ad valorem was still left at 68 per cent on the average.

Here was where the Republicans made some of their best points in the discussions on the floor of the House; for if there was ever a necessary of life to the poor man and his family, it is sugar. The Republicans hadn't been professing that they would take the load of taxation off the back of the suffering mechanic, but Representative CANNON, of Illinois, offered an amendment that took all the duty off sugar. It was rejected by the sugar trustees on the other side. Then Mr. DINGLEY offered another which cut the duty down to 41 per cent., but that was thrown out quite as summarily. Last year sugar to the value of $68,897,102 27 was imported, and the total duty on it was $56,515,601 67. The Mills-Havemeyer plan proposes to leave $45,223,513.73 of this tax on everybody.

THE REPUBLICAN PROGRAMME.

"The Republican party would affect all needed reduction of the national revenue, by repealing (1) the taxes upon tobacco, which are an annoyance and burden to agriculture, and (2) the tax upon spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes, *and (3) by such revision of the tariff laws as will tend to check imports of such articles as are produced by our people, the production of which gives employment to our labor, and release from import duties those articles of foreign production*, except luxuries, *the like of which cannot be produced at home.*"—Republican platform.

THE BLADE'S HARRISON PORTRAIT.

Our portrait of HARRISON is the best one yet published. After this date, any person remitting us 25 cents for the Weekly BLADE three months, may have one of these portraits free if they will ask for it in their letter containing remittance.

THE third party Prohibitionist speakers are mouthing venemous lies from the platform concerning the Republican party. One in Minnesota is charging in his speeches that the Maine delegation to the Republican national convention in Chicago "held its headquarters in a saloon, surrounded by a bar." The writer was in the Maine headquarters daily during the convention. It was a room on the parlor floor of the Grand Pacific hotel, and there was no saloon, no bar, and no drinking in the room.

THE London *Times* seems to have a much clearer understanding of some points in the present year's campaign in this country than is usual with it. It appreciates the fact that the third party Prohibitionists are merely a Democratic side-show. Here is its utterance on this subject:

The Prohibition candidate for President lives in New Jersey, and is expected to make a formidable diversion from the Republicans of *the hide-bound Prohibitionists who will throw away their votes* to demonstrate their devotion to their faith.

THE most salient fact developed by the foolish cry on the part of the Democrats that the Republican party is in favor of "free whisky" is that the Whisky Trust, whose headquarters are in the Democratic state of Kentucky, is strongly in favor of the retention of the tax, as it is the only thing that enables them to control the production.

LORD BRASSEY has contributed $5,000 to the Cobden Club to be used in the free trade propaganda in the United States. The effort to push free trade on the continent of Europe has been kept up since early in the '50s, but has resulted in utter failure. The last hope of the British free traders is in inducing the people of the United States to adopt their policy.

THE speeches of the Republican Presidential candidate prove that the Chicago convention made no mistake when it placed BENJAMIN HARRISON in nomination. He is worthy of the position he holds, and he will do honor to the high office to which his countrymen propose to elect him.

THE English Cobden club is for CLEVELAND, and it is no wonder that it endorses him with heart and soul. In his message it sees such "measures of tariff reform as may in the course of a few years make something like a *revolution in international trade.*"

☞ *Please send us the names and postoffice addresses of the secretaries of all Republican clubs near you, and* AT ONCE.

MR. BLAINE'S campaign speeches will deal largely with the condition of foreign cheap labor, the result of his personal investigations, and the people will be made conversant with the state of things to which the free traders desire to reduce the laboring men of this country.

A SECOND consignment of Cleveland and Thurman badges have arrived at New York from England, where they are made. The fact that they pay 60 per cent duty accentuates the Democratic cry for free trade.

ENGLAND has a coal oil trust, which keeps up the price of that article everywhere in the United Kingdom, yet she imposes no duty on coal oil, nor has she a single well. Is the tariff the parent of trusts?

THE announcement is made that Hon. JOHN S. WISE will remove to New York, thus giving MAHONE the leadership of the Republicans in the campaign. This makes Virginia very doubtful—for the Democrats.

Two distinguished Iowa Prohibitionists are using their influence for the cause of protection instead of wasting their energies on the third party ticket—Chaplain J. H. LOZIER and Mrs. J. ELLEN FOSTER.

DR. NORVIN GREEN, president of JAY GOULD'S Western Union Telegraph company, is said to have subscribed $10,000 to the Democratic campaign fund. The monopolists know their friends.

THE London *Times* declares that Englishmen are more interested in the Presidential campaign in America than in any of their home issues. Why, if it is not a free trade issue?

IF wool is higher in price when it is on the free list, as the free traders claim, why are they alleging that to take off the duty will enable manufacturers to buy it cheaper?

HENRY WATTERSON said not long ago that "The Democrat who is not a free trader should go elsewhere." They are going, and briskly, too, right over into the Harrison camp.

THE Democratic campaign committee is composed of ten members, seven of which are officers of railway corporations, representing thirty of the leading lines of the country.

ENGLAND is a free trade country, yet she has a trust which controls the output and price of all the tin mined in the country. Is the tariff chargeable with trusts?

OUR HARRISON PORTRAIT—EXPLANATION.

Four weeks ago we announced that we had commenced to mail portraits of HARRISON to subscribers entitled to them; and in the three days beginning with July 26, we deposited in the Toledo postoffice between 15,000 and 20,000 of them. On the last three days of the next week we deposited as many more, and on the same days of the following week we completed the mailing of all portraits due up to that time to subscribers who had complied with the conditions.

Since the first announcement that we had begun the work of mailing, we have received hundreds of complaints of their non-receipt; but we presumed these orders were among the number mailed last, and that the portraits would reach the subscriber before an explanation could do so.

At the beginning of last week we fully believed that all portraits due our subscribers had reached their destination; but to our astonishment and amazement, on August 9, we discovered that almost the entire number of portraits were *lying in the basement of the Toledo postoffice!*

Were Toledo a small city, with limited postoffice facilities, we should naturally have expected some delay; but it is not. Its postoffice is proportioned in size and number of employes to those of New York and Chicago, and its facilities for work equal to those of either. Toledo, from its geographical location, is a most important distributing city, as it has eighteen lines of railway radiating in all directions; and it is, therefore, one of the most important postal centers in the country. Its postoffice is one of the most important in the country, and its business among the largest.

We immediately set on foot an investigation, which soon showed us that both the postmaster and the superintendent of outgoing mails had deliberately, and *without giving us any notice*, neglected their duty, leaving over *one hundred* mail-sacks of our portraits piled up in the basement *for nearly three weeks!*

The only excuse made to us was lack of time to give them attention. After an interview with the postmaster, and a peremptory demand that they be mailed forthwith, these officials concluded to go to work and mail them at once. This work was concluded on the 13th, and by the latter portion of this week they should all be in the hands of those to whom they were addressed.

We are not surprised that subscribers have found fault, or felt that we have not kept our word. But we wish them to understand that any promises made to its subscribers by the BLADE have always been scrupulously fulfilled. We have many times duplicated books and other articles in the mails, rather than disappoint our patrons. Our older subscribers know this well; but we feel called upon to make this explanation, as our new subscribers have yet to learn the difference between the BLADE'S promises and those often made by irresponsible parties.

This inexcusable delay in the Toledo postoffice has undoubtedly discouraged club agents, who have been annoyed by it; but we trust that this explanation of the facts will suffice, and that, upon the receipt of their portraits, they will resume the work of raising clubs, and send them in often, and large in number.

Orders received from this time on will be promptly filled, and we will take great pains to see that they are forwarded, though it may entail extra trouble and expense to watch the postoffice. We have become painfully aware of the fact that postal matters do not have the prompt attention they received in the good old Republican days.

This article being explanatory, we do not wish to make political comments; but we do believe that our mail could have been as promptly forwarded at once as it was after a delay of weeks. Why this delay occurred, we can not obtain a conclusive reason; but perhaps our readers can surmise as well as ourselves. It is quite possible that had these been portraits of CLEVELAND instead of HARRISON, it would have made a great difference in this prompt delivery. We hope that every subscriber who was made to wait by this delay will take great pains to see that his ballot is cast this fall for HARRISON, and that he will use his best endeavors to see that those of his neighbors are also.

SOME conscienceless Democratic sheets are spreading the report that railway employes in the west will vote against the Republican ticket because PAUL MORTON, a conspicuous C., R. & Q. man, "is a brother of LEVI P. MORTON." These two MORTONS are not related in any way. PAUL MORTON is a son of J. STERLING MORTON, the Democratic leader in Nebraska; is a Democrat himself, ardently supporting CLEVELAND. If the railway men revenge themselves on PAUL MORTON for the "Q." troubles, they will do it by voting

A TARIFF PRIMER.

XVIII.—England's Custom Duties.

We have a large number of questions on hand, received from subscribers anxious for information. We will answer as many of them as possible, and as briefly as we can. The first one comes from Bluffton, Indiana:

Does England have a duty on any of the necessaries of life? Give a few, if any, of the articles exported from this country on which England charges duty.

We will give below the entire tariff list of Great Britain. The rates are in English money. A pound (£) is $4 86; a shilling is about 25 cents, and a penny 2 cents:

ARTICLES.	£	s.	D.
Beer, mum, spruce, the original specific gravity not exceeding 1 215 degrees, per bbl	1	6	0
Beer, exceeding 1 215 degrees per bbl	1	10	0
Beer (other), the worts of which were, before fermentation, of a specific gravity of 1 055 degrees	0	6	6
And so in proportion for any difference in gravity.			
Cards, playing, per doz. packs	0	3	9
Chicory, raw or kiln-dried, cwt	0	13	3
Chicory, roasted or ground, lb	0	0	2
Chicory and coffee mixed, lb	0	0	2
Chlorol hydrate, lb	0	1	3
Chloroform, lb	0	3	0
Cocoa, lb	0	0	1
Cocoa, husks and shells, cwt	0	2	0
Cocoa, or chocolate, ground, prepared or in any way manufactured, lbs	0	0	2
Coffee, raw, cwt	0	14	0
Coffee, kiln-dried, roasted or ground, lb	0	0	2
Collodion, gallon	1	4	0
Ether, sulphuric, gallon	1	5	0
Ethyl, iodide of, gallon	0	13	0
Fruit (almonds and dates), free, dried, cwt	0	7	0
Plate (gold), per oz	0	17	0
Plate (silver), per oz	0	1	6
Soap, transparent, in the manufacture of which spirits have been used, lbs	0	0	3
Spirits, brandy, Geneva, rum and unenumerated, gallon	0	10	4
Spirits, perfumed, Cologne-water, gallon	0	16	6
Spirits, sweetened, unenumerated. In bottle, not tested for a certain strength, gallon	0	14	0
Tea, lb	0	0	6
Tobacco, manufactured, lb	0	3	6
Tobacco, containing less than 10 per cent. of moisture, lb	0	3	10
Tobacco, cigars, lb	0	5	6
Tobacco, cavendish or negro-head, bbl	0	4	10
Tobacco, cavendish, manufactured in bond, bbl	0	4	4
Tobacco, snuff, bbl	0	4	1
Wine, containing less than 26 degrees proof spirits, bbls	0	1	0
Wine, containing less than 42 degrees proof spirits, bbls	0	2	6
Wine, for additional degree of strength beyond 42 degrees, gallon	0	0	3

XIX.—Several Minor Questions.

Is there an internal revenue tax on anything except liquors and tobacco? If so, on what?

The full list was given in Section IV. of the Tariff Primer. We cannot republish.

GRIFFIN'S CORNERS, N. Y.—If home competition renders the goods cheaper to an English goods, then of what use is the protective tariff? Also, would like your views upon the subject of a protective tariff encouraging and augmenting monopoly.

The number of articles that are produced as cheaply as in England is small. Hence the assumption in the first question is untrue.

As to the second question let us ask our correspondent, what is a monopoly? The word has been so misused by demagogues of late years that many people do not know its real meaning. WEBSTER defines it as "Sole permission or power to deal; exclusive command or permission." Consequently, there are very few monopolies in this country. The Standard Oil Trust has a monopoly of that product, but the tariff has nothing to do with it. The Sugar Trust has a monopoly of refined sugar, being a combination of American refiners. If the sugar duty were cut down, the trust would break up—and this is the Republican stand, as the sugar duty is the only one that has failed to build up the home industry, for the simple reason that there is only one state—Louisiana—where the soil and climate are adapted to cane-raising.

Trusts are not the result of the tariff, because the first known were organized in 1848 in England, two years after she adopted free trade. She has a coal oil trust, though coal oil pays no duty. We have in this country a coffee trust, organized this summer, which has put up prices, yet coffee has been on the free list since 1873.

——Several persons ask questions about the Mills bill, answers to which can all be found in the article giving a synopsis of it, on the fifth page of the Weekly BLADE for August 9.

MARISSA, ILL.—Please explain through your valuable columns how our farmers are protected by the present duty on wheat, as we have a surplus every year.

Is wheat the only thing the farmer raises? The duty on wheat keeps out the Canadian product. A Toronto paper, recently, in speaking of the campaign in the United States, said: "It would be a blessing to Canadian farmers if the United States should adopt free trade. They would find a market for their surplus grain at Chicago, Detroit and New York." As we have stated in previous articles, the time is coming when India wheat can be laid down in our ports for 75 cents a bushel. Then there is not a farmer in the land but will want a higher tariff imposed on wheat.

MARION, KAN.—If free trade has a tendency to make low wages, why is it that the laboring class are paid so much better in free-trade England than they are in protective Italy, Germany and other protected old countries?

We have treated this matter at length in previous issues. It is a fact that wages are going down in England and rising in the protectionist countries of Europe—and rising faster in the country which has the most complete protective tariff—Germany. In many industries wages in Germany are as high as in England. We are aware that there are wages tables published, which were compiled several years ago, which show a wide difference in England's favor; but this state of things is no longer true. Wages have risen under protection and are declining under free trade. The claim that free trade makes higher wages is absurd and is incapable of proof.

READING, PA.—In last week's issue of the BLADE is a table showing how much higher the wages of workingmen are in America than in England. The other day a "tariff reformer" or free trader argued with me that it was not fair to compare American and English wages; that the condition of the two countries as to population, natural resources, etc., were so vastly different that it was perfect blindness to compare one with the other. "But," said he, "compare England, France and Germany. Those countries are more nearly alike."

Then he confronted me with the American Almanac for 1887, which, on page 103, shows that wages are nearly twice as high in England as in Germany, and much higher in England than in France. He also held up to me that the tariff is much higher in France and Germany than in England. Will you explain in the BLADE why wages are lower in Germany and France with a higher tariff than in free trade England?

The free trader states the case backward. England is the only European country in which the mode of life, customs of the people, conditions of living, etc., are like our own, and hence the only country with which we can compare our own with any propriety. He needs treatment for mental blindness badly.

The table in the American Almanac for 1887, as you will see by referring to the volume, is a comparison in 1884—four years ago. As stated in the reply to a previous question, the conditions are rapidly changing, and what was true in 1884 is not true in 1888. Wages are going up, in Germany particularly, which is the only European country which has a tariff which, though inferior to ours, is really protective. Why did you not take the next table on the same page, showing the comparative retail prices of the necessaries of life, and refute the free trade argument that living is so much cheaper in England than in this country? The table proves it clearly.

FAIRBAULT, MINN.—Enclosed find a couple of articles clipped from a farm paper that has circulation throughout Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota. Is the farmer benefited in exactly the same ratio by this home market as is the wage worker by the increase of wages secured through protection?

The articles referred to go over the stock arguments of the free traders that have been shown up time and again in the columns of the BLADE—(1) that "the consumer pays the tariff and a good big profit to the manufacturer besides;" (2) that "we have to pay 50 per cent more for manufactured goods made in this country than the same goods are sold for in foreign countries;" (3) that "the flour from American wheat cannot be bought at the mill here for less money than it can at Liverpool or London;" and the following, which is considered a "clincher":

(4.) Protectionists never weary of talking about our magnificent foreign export trade, 80 per cent. of which is agricultural products. Is any one foolish enough to believe that Europe buys all these farm products from us at higher prices than they can get them for elsewhere or at home? Of course everybody *knows* that our exports are sold at prices made by the world's demand, and that such exports make the prices of all consumed at home. Now, here is submitted a plain business proposition to the farmers of the United States: You are sustaining the highest scale of wages—outside of your own avocation—in the world; you are doing it by raising produce at the world's price, less the cost of getting it to the world's markets; or, to simplify the proposition, you are sustaining the highest wages in the world by raising the cheapest farm products in the world.

(1.) This is a lie, so often refuted that it becomes wearisome. If there is 50 per cent. profit in manufacturing, farmers to whom the above is addressed are idiots for not selling out and putting their money into manufactures at once. The whole free trade argument is scattered to the winds by a Democratic paper, the Nashville *American*, in an article reproduced on the fourth page of the Weekly BLADE for August 9. (2.) This is a lie, pure and simple. We challenge the proof, as we have done time and again. (3.) This is another lie. Wheat is about $1.05 in London as against 90 cents here, and flour is proportionally higher. (4.) We have traversed this argument a number of times; we now ask, how would free trade help this alleged condition of things for the farmer? Would it increase the prices of products? Would the Minnesota farmers be benefited by an influx of wheat and other farm products from the Dominion? The revolution that it would make in the economic system would be to drive tens of thousands of men who now live by manufactures into farming, and millions of capital, now engaged in industries, would be put into immense farms and stock ranches. There would be an enormous increase in our agricultural products, without the slightest increase in the foreign demand; and the tens of thousands driven out of the consuming class to become competitors with the farmers, would cut off the home market just that much. We know that many farmers have a hard time of it, but free trade would not help them. The day is rapidly coming when our farmers will be demanding a higher tariff on their wheat to keep out Indian wheat. Free trade cannot benefit them, but it can injure them enormously. The demagogues who are filling their ears with conscienceless lies like those quoted above are their worst enemies.

We should be glad to publish the list of prices of agricultural products in European countries if we had them. If it is possible to procure them, we shall yet do so.

DOWNS, KAN.—In your answer to "Old Hayseed" you have omitted the fact that all staple goods nowadays manufactured in the United States are under the rapid controlling power of a combined trust, organized for the purpose of throttling competition and supplying the manufactured goods only in such quantities as will command extravagant prices. Mr. Editor, in candor, are not those combined trusts (1) the direct outgrowth of high tariff legislation, and does not the large profits arising therefrom find their way directly into the tills of the manufacturer? Now I pray you tell us where is the competition?

(2) You also cite "Old Hayseed" to the fact that the tariff duty on calico is 5 cents per yard and that the present prices in Toledo, or 4½ to 5 cents per yard, in proof that the tariff has nothing to do with our home manufactured goods as to price. Please tell us when the 5 cent duty was placed on calico, and under what circumstances? and what was the price of calicoes at that date? Is it not a fact that the 5 cent duty on calico was a war measure, and were not calicoes selling over the counters of our merchants at that time for from 25 to 35 cents per yard?

(1.) Here is a sweeping charge, utterly untrue as a whole. "All staple goods" are *not* under control of combinations. There is no combination on any kind of manufactured fabrics, of wool, cotton or silk; none on clothing, nor any kind of provisions except sugar; there is none on machinery, nor on hardware. In point of fact, coal oil and sugar are the only things of any importance that a farmer buys that are controlled by combinations. (2.) There is probably no schedule in the tariff that has not been changed since the war. The duty on calico was cut down in 1872, the present duty being then fixed. Calico was 25 to 35 cents a yard during the war, and about 12½ in 1875, we think. We instanced the price on calico as proof that the consumer does not pay the duty, as it is a clear and convincing one.

XX.—Two Revenue Systems Compared.

Which is the greater burden on the people, to raise the revenue for the nation's expenses by a protective tariff, or by the English system? Here are the figures for the United States and England, for the fiscal year 1886, from the official statistics. Every friend of protection should preserve it as showing the real burden which free trade is to a country.

The British government raised the following revenue from the sources indicated during the year 1886:

Customs	$ 98,611,510
Excise	127,209,610
Income tax	76,236,560
Stamps	58 003,070
House tax	9,336,885
Land tax	5,115,980
Postoffice	40,813,135
Telegraphs	8,725,281
Crown lands	2,389,100
Interest Suez Canal	6,880,400
Miscellaneous	15,097,265
Total income	$448,418,915

The expenses of the government were $403,-568,720.

Population, 36,500,000.

Expense per capita, $12 28.

Raised by taxation $3,711,407,050, upon which nothing was paid.

In the United Kingdom there were 1,342,741 registered paupers, or one to every 26 inhabitants.

Those receiving ont-door relief and not registered brings the number up to one one pauper to each 12.

Internal revenue is collected upon more than four hundred different trades and articles of daily use.

In the same fiscal year, 1886, the revenue of the United States government was as follows:

From customs	$217,286,893 13
From internal revenue	118,823,391 22
From sales of public lands	9,254,286 42
From profits on coinage, bullion deposits and assays	8,929,252 83
From taxes on Nat'nal Banks	2,835,851 18
From fees—consular, letters, patent and land	3,301,647 16
From customs fees, fines, penalties, etc	1,053,037 86
From sales of Indian lands	1,479,028 81
From Soldiers' home, permanent fund	1,226,259 47
From building fund for Pacific railways	1,364,435 87
From repayment of interest by Pacific railways	914,793 13
From sales of old public buildings	624,882 20
From sales of government property	262,832 32
From immigrant fund	258,402 50
From tax on seal skins	317,452 75
From deposits by individuals for surveying public lands	94,289 76
From revenues of the District of Columbia	2,367,869 01
From miscellaneous sources	1,458,672 04
Total ordinary receipts	$371,403,277 66

The expenditures of the United States for the same year were as follows:

For civil expenses	$ 22,072,436 27
For foreign intercourse	7,104,490 47
For Indian service	6,194,522 69
For pensions	75,029,101 79
For the military establishment, including rivers and harbors and arsenals	38,561,025 85
For the naval establishment, including vessels, machinery, and improvements at navy yards	15,141,126 80
For miscellaneous expenditure, including public buildings, lighthouses and collecting the revenue	52,002,647 46
For expenditures on account of the District of Columbia	4,085,251 39
For interest on the public debt	47,741,577 25
For the sinking fund	47,903,248 15
Total ordinary expenditures	$315,835,428 12
Leaving a surplus of	$ 55,567,849 54

This page is an exact reproduction of a page of London *Punch*.

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 17, 1887.

"QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND (*to* COLUMBIA). "WILL YOU ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THIS YOUNG LADY?"

The BLADE presents above a *fac simile* (reduced somewhat in size) of a full-page cartoon, published in London *Punch* of the date above given. The reference is to CLEVELAND'S message to Congress when it convened last December. It may be interesting to the people to be assured that the English press at once understood that message to mean a free trade policy, although, some of the more reckless of the Democratic papers are denying that the English papers do this—even going so far as to deny the authenticity of extracts which have been published from time to time.

The BLADE is indebted to the courtesy of the Home Market club, 56 Bedford street, Boston, Mass., for the cut above. Persons in search of tariff literature can obtain it by writing to the above address, inclosing postage.

Which, with an amount drawn from the cash balance in the treasury of	24,455,720 46
Making	$ 80,023,570 00

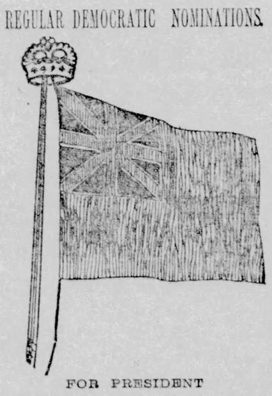
Expense of government $212,364,330.
Population 60,000,000.
Expense per capita $3.54.
National debt about $1,300,000,000.
Paid on debt and in treasury, $103,471,097.
Census of 1880 shows one pauper to each 113 inhabitants.

Internal revenue collected on whisky and tobacco only.

Any thinking man can study these figures with profit to himself. The people of the United States do not understand the excellence of their protective system, or they would not entertain a proposition to change it.

THE BRITISH TICKET.

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.



FOR PRESIDENT
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.

"Grover Cleveland has done more to advance the cause of free trade than any prime minister of England has ever done."—*London Spectator.*

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
ALLEN G. THURMAN,
OF OHIO.

"The only time England can use an Irishman is when he emigrates to America and votes for free trade.—*London Times.*

THE STAMPEDE CONTINUES.

The number of voters who have hitherto acted with the Democratic party, but who do not propose to follow it in its efforts to introduce the free trade system here, and hence will support HARRISON and MORTON and the cause of protection to American labor and American industries, is steadily increasing. We give a number of additional names of those who have left the free traders:

Gen. James A. Walker, who was elected eight years ago lieutenant governor of Virginia on the Democratic ticket with Gen. Kemper, has announced his determination to vote for Harrison and Morton. His friends say that he has for some time past been disstatisfied with the Democratic plank on the tariff. Gen. Walker was a bitter opponent of Mahone during the state contest on the debt question, and was the author of the slogan, "Readjustment is highway robbery," which speech was thought to have lost the state to the Democrats. He was the commander of Stonewall Jackson's brigade after that general left it, and is a leading lawyer in Pulaski county.

Thomas F. Tuite, city treasurer of Detroit, and heretofore a leading Irish Democrat, is vigorously supporting Harrison.

Joseph Rutherford and Doc Lampkins, old dyed-in-the-wool Democrats of Ohio county, Indiana, have come out for Harrison.

Fourteen staunch Democrats in the town of Jerusalem, Yates county, N. Y., have joined the Harrison and Morton club at that place.

The Middleport (O.) *Herald*, heretofore the only Democratic paper in Meigs county, has hoisted the Republican state and national tickets.

Robert Macbeth and Cephas Goodenough, both old-time Democrats and extensive woolgrowers of Upper Sandusky, O., are earnest supporters of Harrison.

The Saguache (Col.) *Democrat*, heretofore a staunch Democratic organ, says that hereafter the paper "will be Republican to the fullest extent of the editor."

A Sullivan county, N. Y., farmer says that "Walt Davis is all there is of our (Democratic) party in his district," and now Davis is out for Harrison.

One of the employes of the Munsell stove works at Elizabethport, N. J., employing about 300 men, says: "Yes, I'm a Democrat, and so is nearly every one of my fellow workmen, but we'll vote for the protection of American industries every time. Do you think we would vote to support English paupers?"

James F. Reid, the leading real estate man of Warsaw, N. Y., and also a leading Democrat, has declared that he wants no more Cleveland in his.

The Hon. Joseph Murray, one of the leaders of the Labor party in Colorado, has come out in hearty support of the Republican ticket, and will stump the state for Harrison.

There is a Republican club in the Twenty-ninth Assembly district of New York composed of 143 workingmen. Ninety per cent of the members have heretofore voted the Democratic ticket.

Z. T. Yost, a prominent insurance agent of Wheeling, W. Va., whose democracy dates back to the time he was qualified to vote, has repented of his political sins and enlisted under the Republican banner.

Thomas Lee, a well-known Irish orator of Decatur, Ill, who has always been a Democrat, has "taken off his coat," and will sacrifice his law business to making Republican speeches during the campaign.

Mr. B. C. Pechin, of Cleveland, well known as a scientific authority on all matters pertaining to the iron trade, has come out for Harrison. Mr. Pechin is a writer of prominence on the production of iron, and is interested in its manufacture. Before coming to Cleveland he lived in Western Pennsylvania, where he was active in politics as a Democrat.

James A. Glass, formerly mayor of Jeffersonville, Ind., writes from Los Angelas, Cal.: "The Pacific Coast will go solidly for Harrison. Oregon has already indicated the feeling of the people beyond the Rockies. Hundreds of Democrats are announcing that they will vote the Republican ticket."

Four Harrison and Morton clubs have been organized by the elevated railway employes of New York City and one by the street-car drivers with more than 400 members, all composed almost exclusively of men who voted for Cleveland in 1884. They are largely Irish friends of Mr. Morton.

J. J. Baker, chairman of the Democratic committee of Doniphan county, Kansas, tells his associates that he is done with the Democratic party as he is "opposed to building up British institutions at the expense of the wage-workers of America." Mr. Baker seems to understand the use of the American language.

Max Bloch, formerly of Vevay, Ind., now an extensive wool-grower in Texas and always and everywhere a Democrat, is opposed to the re-election of Cleveland on the wool issue.

J. P. Dry, a prominent soldier, well known all over the state, and a resident of Sandusky, O., has voted the Democratic ticket all his life. Cleveland's pension vetoes and the free flax business have settled him, and Dry has come out for Harrison and Morton.

W. C. Randolph, a manufacturer at Palmyra, N. J., who is a strong Prohibitionist, says Fisk and Brooks were brave Democrats, and he will vote for Harrison and protection. Thomas Wells, another Prohibitionist, and a number of Democrats are with him.

The Hancock Legion of Elmira, N. Y., an association of old soldiers that did yeoman work for Cleveland in 1884, is now breaking up as a Democratic organization. The majority have declared for Harrison, pensions, and protection, while the rest are on the fence.

At the Republican caucus held in Falconer, N. Y., last Saturday, Prof. T. J. Pratt, formerly principal of the Mayville school, and who has always been a Democrat, declared his adhesion to Harrison and Morton, and deposited his first vote for the Republican delegates.

Dr. E. M. Rogers, a prominent physician of Radcliffe, Ia., a recent candidate for the legislature on the Democratic ticket, and a life-long Democrat, has declared that he will never again vote for Cleveland, but will help give Harrison and Morton 70,000 majority in Iowa this fall.

Next Sunday afternoon 100 Democrats, every one of whom voted for Cleveland in 1884, will hold a meeting in the Second ward of Elizabeth, N. J., for the purpose of organizing a Harrison and Morton Campaign club. Many of them have been more or less prominent in politics.

Ex-Mayor Henry L. Fish, of Rochester, N. Y., writes to a friend at Anaheim: "I am for Harrison, although, as the saying goes, I have been voting for Jackson all my life." Mr. Fish adds: "I want to vote for an honest states man; a soldier who helped to save the Union; a man who has a standing at home; who will bring to the great office of President a clean record, a clean character; one who will maintain the dignity of the nation at home and abroad."

Mr. Emil Fecht, of the firm of John J. Bagley & Co., voted for Cleveland and Hendricks four years ago. He knows why he will not vote for Cleveland and Thurman this year. The *Tribune* is informed that 21 workmen employed in a factory in this city who voted for Cleveland four years ago have come out for Harrison and Morton.—*Detroit Tribune.*

R. H. Guinnip in 1884 chairman of the Chemung (N. Y.) Democratic county committee, is out for Harrison and Morton, and offers to bet from $1,000 to $10,000 that Cleveland will get left.

Henry W. Booth, of Scottsburg, a lifelong Democrat, has decided to support Harrison and Morton. He says that he has been studying the platforms of the Democratic and Republican parties for three weeks, and that he could find no encouragement in the former for either the poor man or the soldier who fought to save the Union.—*Madison (Ind.) Courier.*

Four prominent men who have heretofore been identified with the Democratic party became charter members of the Irish-American Republican club organized in this city last night. They believe in protection, and come out squarely in support of the party champion ing the cause of American labor.—*Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.*

Charles Kenyon, a well known Democrat of White Creek, Washington county, New York, has come into the Republican lines in good season.

The Mount Holly, N. Y., Soldiers' club, of 150 members, of whom half voted for Cleveland in 1884, will support Harrison and Morton this year. The members are all disgusted with Cleveland.

Four hitherto staunch and uncompromising Democrats at Margaretville, Delaware county, N. Y., are out so squarely for Harrison and Morton that they wear the Republican colors on their coats.

The Messrs. Lautz and Albert Stover, large soap manufacturers of Oswego, N. Y., formerly for Cleveland, are out for Harrison and against the Mills bill. Their business employs 1,000 workmen.

G. B. McCalmont, an able and popular lawyer of Bradford, Pa., and leader of the Democracy of the county, gave his reasons at a recent Republican meeting why he could not support Cleveland.

James S. Jopson, engineer on the "Island dock," of the Delaware & Hudson canal company, is another man who has left the Democracy and has joined the army of protection.

Benjamin Bay of Newburg, N. Y., an old-time Democratic wheel-horse and former member of the Assembly, has come out for Harrison.

Mr. Henry Chute, of Brooklyn, a life-long Democrat, is another one of the army of Democrats who declare their preference for Harrison and Morton.

John D. Carson, a Dalton (Mass.) paper manufacturer, heretofore a Democrat, announces that he cannot support Cleveland and Thurman this year.

Congressman Bowden of the Second Virginia district claims that the Republicans are going to carry Virginia for Harrison. He says: "Mr. Woodworth of the iron and shipbuilding works at Norfolk told me the other day that his foreman says he does not think there will be a Cleveland vote in the works, where there are about 320 men employed. Heretofore, he said, they were all Democrats but eight."

William F. McNamara, a prominent young lawyer and Irish-American Democrat of Corning, N. Y., has renounced Cleveland and declared for Harrison. Always an influential Democrat, he was the Democratic nominee for member of the Assembly in the Second district of Steuben county in 1885 and again last year. He stumped the state for Cleveland in 1884, and since then for the Democracy in each campaign.

There is a regular rush of Vermont Democrats to the Republican standard, and hundreds are enrolling themselves on the club lists. The list so far includes, among many others, Col. W. A. Caskell, Capt. C. H. Meyerhoffer, John D. Spellman, esq., and N. Davis, of Rutland, Col. E. B. Sawyer, of Hyde Park, Col. D. K. Andross, of Bradford, Judge J. J. Deavitt and Mr. Joseph Goron of St. Albans, Frank H. Bascom, esq., of Montpelier, ex-Ald. W. H. Brink of Burlington, Capt. N. B. Proctor, Representative from South Burlington.

CLEVELAND'S SUBSTITUTE.

The Story of George Brinski, who was Hired by Grover Cleveland—The Unpaid Debt.

The BLADE has received numerous letters of inquiry concerning Mr. Cleveland's substitute during the war, and by way of general answer to all reproduces the following special from Buffalo to the Philadelphia *Press*, July 9, 1887:

George Brinski, a Polish sailor, was the substitute for President Cleveland in the war of the rebellion. He recently wrote a letter to the commander of the Des Moines, Iowa, Post, G. A. R., in which he said that Mr. Cleveland had never fulfilled his promise in regard to paying him for going as his substitute and had let him live in the various poorhouses.

Brinski is now in the Soldiers' Home at Bath, N. Y., where he was seen by the *Press* correspondent. He is 65 years old, below medium height, has prominent features and bleared eyes. He is manifestly very feeble, has no use of his right wrist and suffers from a hacking cough, accompanied by frequent hemorrhages. His mind seems clear, and he spoke as rapidly as his gasping breath would permit. He said the letter to the Des Moines *Post* was dictated by him, and added:

"I believed it was time for the old soldiers to know how the President treated me. I went to the war for him, so he was not in danger of getting killed or hurt, and what has he done for me? He let me go around from one poorhouse to another and now here I am all broken down and dying in the hospital and he won't lift a hand to help me, and he President of the United States. I'm going to tell what he has done if I die for it. Why, he would never help me to get a pension."

"What assistance did you expect to get from him?"

"Didn't he promise to help me if I got out of the war alive? I was working on the propeller Acme when Capt. Rhinehart, police station No. 3, asked me to go as a substitute for Grover Cleveland, who had been drafted, and we went up to Cleveland's office to see about it. Cleveland had only $150 and I think he borrowed that of Capt. Rhinehart, but he said he would help me more after I got out. I knew that the bounty then was $300, but I told him that if he would get an office or something for Capt. Rhinehart and help me if I came out alive I would go for him. This he agreed to do. Afterward I was sworn in by Squire Ryan. I got the $150 then. Mr. Cleveland, Capt. Rhinehart and I went to Fort Parker for me to be mustered in. On the way Mr. Cleveland asked us to have a glass of beer, and when he paid for it he opened his pocketbook and said: 'Here, George, do you see how little you've left me?' Yes; but I left him home when I went for him."

"Have you ever asked Mr. Cleveland for help?" asked the correspondent.

"Certainly I have, and he never gave it to me. I saw him in Buffalo in 1885, the day that Gov. Hill was elected. I had lost my discharge papers and I had been around a few days to get proof that I was the man who went as Cleveland's substitute. There was plenty of them could identify me. Fred Busch, keeper of the poorhouse, could it for me, and there are the records to show it.

"I had a letter for Mr. Cleveland about my case and I went to his office, where Mr. Bissell is, to give it to him. There was a crowd standing around him in the front office. He saw me and recognized me. He stepped up and took me by the hand and said: 'Come, George,' and brought me into the center. Then he said: 'Here, gentlemen, is the man who fought for me in the war.' Then he made me sit down and the letter was left lying on the table. After a while he came up and put his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Well, George, how are you?' I told him that I was all used up; that my health was all gone, and that I didn't have anything. 'Oh, pshaw, that isn't so,' he said. Then he bent down to me and asked, 'Is it so, George?' and I commenced to cry as I sat in the chair. Then he asked me what he could do for me, and I told him that I was poor, had no home, and was not able to work. Then he went into another room, and I did not see any more of him."

"Where had you been living then?"

"At the poorhouse. My lungs got so bad that I had to go there, and you can see how they are now. I have hemorrhages right along."

"Have you ever applied to him since?"

"Yes; I had two or three letters written for me and never heard anything from him except that Lamont sent a notice that a letter had been received. I wanted to go to Fort Leavenworth for my health, and I had no money and had lost all of my citizen clothes, but Mr. Cleveland wouldn't help me at all. Then I wrote to see if he wouldn't try to get me a pension. I put in my application a year ago, and Major Campbell of Bath is trying to get a pension for me. I think I ought to have that, anyway. I wrote to Gen. Black and he sent me a blank of some kind to fill out, and that's the way it stands. My lungs were ruined in the service and I ought to have something to pay for it."

Referring to his grievance Brinski added: "What am I to think of a man who will let me die here and not try to help me, after all his promises to do so? I'd die first before I'd do such a thing as that. The man ought to be tarred and feathered that would do it. I've told the story about what I've had to do with Mr. Cleveland, but there are two things more that I have never told to anybody, and I won't tell them till the last moment. But if it becomes necessary I'll tell them, even if it is my last moment alive."

Brinski died later in the Bath Soldiers' Home.

A German View.

Cincinnati Volksblatt.

Free traders should study the investigations of the Congress committee on immigration in order to learn the difference between European and American wages. Dawson, a blacksmith from Scotland, testified that in his native country he earned 75 cents per day, while in Vermont his wages were $2 75 per day. Anderson, a stone-mason of Scotland, earned $1 25 there a day, but $2 75 in Austin, Texas. Italians earn from 10 to 15 cents a day in their own country; can get here from $1.25 to $1.50 a day.

Cleveland and Great Britain.

Cleveland Leader.

Every vote cast for Grover Cleveland is a vote for Great Britain and against the interests of this country.

The Loveliest Skin.

THE WHITEST, CLEAREST, SOFTEST, PUREST SKIN, free from pimple, spot, or blemish, is produced by that greatest of all Skin Beautifiers and Purifiers, the

CUTICURA SOAP.

Incomparable as a Skin Soap, unequalled for the Toilet and Bath, and absolutely pure, and without a rival as an Infantile Skin Soap. Delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, astonishingly effective it enjoys unheard of popularity, as evidenced by a sale greater than that of all other medicated toilet soaps in the world combined. Sold throughout the civilized world.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.
Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!

Over a Million Distributed.

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GIGANTIC SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached to its advertisements."

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
J. A. EARLY,
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING
In the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
Tuesday, September 11, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$300,000	is	$ 300,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000	is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000	is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF	25,000	is	25,000
1 PRIZES OF	10,000	are	25,000
5 PRIZES OF	5,000	are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF	1,000	are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF	500	are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF	300	are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF	200	are	100,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Prizes of $500	are	50,000
100 Prizes of $300	are	30,000
100 Prizes of $200	are	20,000

TERMINAL PRIZES.

999	do.	100 are	99,900
999	do.	100 are	99,900
2,34 Prizes amounting to			$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

For CLUB RATES, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express at our expense addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER, also, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

Labouchere on Free Trade.

London Truth.

I am no fanatical free trader; I am one geographically. If I had been an American I should have been a protectionist. Being an Englishman, I am a free trader. If I were a Canadian, I should advocate a customs union with the United States, although, as an Englishman, I should be sorry if the union were effected. The mistake of political economy is to suppose that it is based on principles of universal application. My reason as an Englishman, for being a free trader, is not any theoretical admiration of free trade, but because we should lose more than we should gain by protection.

Against the Democrats?

Hartford Post.

"Against whom has the Republican party failed to protect you?" was the very pertinent inquiry of Gen. Harrison to a delegation of colored men who visited him last week. The question is, in itself, a striking answer to the Democratic charge, made much of before the sixty-four colored Democrats in "national" convention, that the Republican party had failed to protect the colored men. "Against whom?" Perhaps to the point is the question put by a man of parts.

The Difference.

Pros Perity,	Mis Fortune,
Highe Rwages,	Feve Rity,
Work f O r all,	Daily Expenses
Cheap clo Thing, beef More than Earnings,	
and br Ead stuffs,	
Free Schools,	Few subs Tantials,
Light Taxation,	No luxu Ries,
Capital Ists and	American t Ariff for
Empl O yes	the Cob D en club
Harmo Nized.	And Englishmen.
	—*Time.*

Now the People will Speak.

Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

There are scores of Democratic manufacturers and hundreds and thousands of Democratic workingmen who will not take the free trade medicine embodied in the Mills bill. They want to prosper themselves and see the whole country prosper.

No American Gains Anything.

Philadelphia Press.

In five years of low duties and low prices combined the country has lost one-eighth of its sheep. Five years of free wool will cut off from a third to a half of its flocks. No one can gain by such a change.

Publishers' Column.

CHRIST ON CALVARY.

A New Picture.

The many thousands of our subscribers who have purchased of us the magnificent engraving of "CHRIST before PILATE," announced the past few months in this column, will be pleased to know that we are now prepared to furnish an excellent companion picture of CHRIST ON CALVARY. Orders filled at once. Price 25 cents, postpaid by mail. A description is unnecessary. Fully equal to the first engraving, and by the same artist.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

SOME LETTERS.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

I am fast coming to recognize the fact that this country is very large, and that there are a great many people living in it. Of course, in an abstract sort of way, I have long known that a railroad train flying over it at the average rate they are apt to go in long runs, will not span the continent under six or seven days, and that the population counts up to fifty and sixty millions, but after all one gets no realizing sense of it by reading and hearing the fact stated. Journeying from New York to San Francisco brings the appreciation of the largeness of the land, over which the stars and stripes wave, closer to the consciousness than anything else, except being connected with a great paper that goes into the homes of the North, South, East and West from Maine to Florida on the South or to San Francisco on the West. When the letters pour in by the hundreds from every direction, one begins then to realize something of what this country is; of what its wonderful possibilities are for the future. One language spoken for hundreds of miles; one people with the same aims and purposes.

I wish you could read some of these letters which come to me. The stories they tell are so different and yet so strangely alike; some so full of happiness; others in the depths of what seems a hopeless sorrow; some buoyant and hopeful, seeing the bright side of life; others and alas, by far the greater number, anxious, troubled like Martha about many things, and too frequently letting the better part go by unnoticed. Yet each and every one is looking beyond the now, beyond what they have in the present, into the future which is to bring them something longed for, something which, in nine cases out of ten, when finally possessed will prove Dead Sea apples.

"You have said that this reaching out is a good thing," some one reminds me. So it is, providing that it be not all for self—that money or aggrandizement be not the sum total of all the desires, that there is some thought for mental and spiritual elevation, otherwise the ending will be what I said.

Shall I tell you about some of these letters, for not one in twenty can be published, and many are purely personal and not intended for the public? Curious, is it not, that these people, with their hearts full of longing or of pain, should write to one whom they have never seen, and probably never will see, but a little thought will tell why. It is the very fact that they are writing to one so much out of their own world as never to be in any danger of entering therein, and showing a knowledge of what they would conceal from their friends and neighbors. It is the reaching out for sympathy, the gratification which comes to most persons to put in words what may be gnawing at their hearts.

Not that all these letters are sorrowful. Far from it. Here is one from away up in the mountains of Colorado, as bright and breezy as the air which the writer is inhaling. I read, and I see the mountains, their tops glistening in the sunlight. I catch the exhilaration of the atmosphere, and feel as if it were an easy thing to lift and bear the burdens of life. She is happy but she longs for the far away home in which the springtime of her life was passed. Ah, there is always some one bitter drop mingled in the cup of our joys in this life, and well it is for us that this is so, else we should cling too fondly to what is, after all, as passing and transitory as the cloud in the summer sky. Yet we may enjoy, we may be glad for all pure pleasure that comes to us, and foolish indeed it is to let that one bitter drop make us forget that the rest is sweet.

From way down in the flowery Florida land comes another, not as one might expect, breathing a soft languor, a gentle indolence such as might in our fancy come from the soft, fragrant air of that country. On the contrary it is bright, energetic, and earnest, with an eye to business, too. I can see the writer—a little, lithe, wiry woman born and brought up in a New England home whence she has gone with her husband to make a fortune. If he is half as keen witted as she, they will write success after their names in a very few years. My portrait may not be correct, but I think of her so, and I shall probably never know otherwise, though she be the very antipodes of my fancy.

Ah, here is a letter from the spicy woods of the way off Washington territory, not the first by any means, and I trust not the last. I do not need to be told that she who penned it is brave among the bravest, for it breathes out of every line she writes. Educated, refined and well-bred, frontier life means for her a cutting off from a large part of what would be a joy, and yet she makes no weak moan over what cannot be helped. Ah, how proud I am of every such woman, who never lays her burdens upon other shoulders, and only letting God know that she has them to bear. And I am sure this delicate woman finds much of happiness in life, for her eyes are ever open to catch a glimpse of all that is beautiful, just as all of ours should be. We miss so much that is lovely, because we walk with closed eyes, intent only upon our own little world of cares and anxieties.

This is the nearest to a plaint she has uttered, and I have no doubt many of you can sympathize with her:

"I received a long, beautiful letter," she writes, "the other day from my friend who lives between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass., and has one of the old cultured homes on that fashionable route. She told me of many things, among others saying: "I have quantities of rare roses and pansies." I dare say it was silly, but I fairly cried because she did not send me even one. I have seen none for years. My husband seldom comes up from the woods but he brings me something new and lovely, but we do grow homesick for an old favorite. By and by we hope to have all these beautiful things around us again."

In looking and dreaming over these letters, I came near forgetting the very epistles I started out to speak of. They, for there are two or three of them, are from young girls and they ask me questions which I have answered before. The burden of them is as to the propriety of allowing familiarities from young men who are mere acquaintances. "They call me prudish," says one, "because I will not let them kiss me good night, and they do not seem to like me as well as the other girls, at least they do not come to see me so often."

Do you know what that word "prudish" means under such circumstances? It is full of absolute beauty. It means that you respect your womanhood too much to allow it to be sullied by a caress which is not that of a brother, a lover or a husband; which expresses anything but purity of thought, which careless and thoughtless as it may seem, has its origin in what might rise to compass your destruction; which takes the privilege of love without a right, and degrades what should be the rarest and sweetest expression of tenderness into a common thing without value.

Understand me, girls, I by no means wish to convey the idea that every young man who offers to caress you seeks to do you a wrong, or has any feeling of disrespect towards you in his heart. He may be prompted by a simple passing thought of pleasure, but you cannot afford to make common what should be given only to the truest and tenderest love.

Prudish! Let them call you so, if a refusal to allow such familiarities is their only ground for giving you the name. It means—if it means anything—that in their heart of hearts they hold you in deeper respect for your reserve, and not only that, but they will respect all women more hereafter. Whether they do or not, you will sometime know that you are a happier woman for having given the rank and file of your young men acquaintances the chance to call you "prudish."

Let "hands off" be your motto, girls!

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

CHAMOIS NEEDLE BOOK.—A piece of chamois 10x14 inches. Double over the ends 2½ inches, and buttonhole the ends with yellow silk, so they will form pockets to needle book, and buttonhole across the top of each pocket. Get 25 inches of yellow satin ribbon No. 9, take off 4 inches for emery bag, cutting the remainder into 10¼ inch pieces, fringing out the ends and putting each piece around one inch from the front edge of pockets. Have the fringed end of ribbon at the top of one pocket and the other at the bottom. Make bag, fringing the top, filling with emery or pumice stone; tie it up with gold thread or daisy ribbon, fasten it on the ribbon outside of the left pocket. On the other pocket print in gilt letters, "My task I smoothly do." Fasten two or three leaves white flannel in the inside of book for the needles, and tie together, if you wish, with yellow daisy ribbon.

MRS. L., there are still a few of the pamphlets, "Fancy Work and House Decoration," left, but the chance of getting one for ten cents will soon be over. Send to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.—ED.

PRETTY TIDY.—A beautiful tidy for the back of a large chair is made of a square piece of cloth about ten inches each way. On this is sewed patch work of plush and velvet in the form of a wide-spread fan. The corners of the block are of black velvet, and on the top, drooping over the fan, is a spray from a moss-rose bush in ribbon embroidery. The edge is finished with lace. The design is pretty for a block in a quilt or sofa pillow.—A. M. D.

MATS.—A pretty way to make mats for vases or lamps is to take a piece of white wadding, cut it round and thirteen inches in diameter; work around the edge with button hole stitch. Take several round pieces, six inches in diameter, worked the same way. Then double them over through the center, across through the center again, tack these on the large wheel by the center of the small ones. They will then come in shell work all around the outside. You can, of course, use any color or zephyr you wish, pink is very pretty, also a bright yellow.—A. M. D.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stitch; c ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh, shell crochet.

ROSE LEAF RACE.—Cast on 29 stitches. 1st row—s 1—k 3—o—k 2 tog—k 1—o—k 1—k 2 tog—p 1—k 2 tog—k 1—o—p 1—o—k 1—k 2 tog—p 1—p 2 tog—k 1—o—k 3—o—k 2 tog—m 2—k 2; 2d row—s 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o—k 2 tog—p 4—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 6—o—k 2 tog—k 6; 3d row—s 1—k 3—o—k 2 tog—k 1—o—k 1—k 2 tog—p 1—p 2 tog—k 1—p 1—k 1—k 2 tog—p 1—p 2 tog—k 1—k 3—o—k 2 tog—k 4; 4th row—s 1—k 5—o—k 2 tog—p 3—k 1—p 2—k 1—p 2—k 1—p 6—o—k 2 tog—k 2; 5th row—s 1—k 3—o—k 2 tog—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 2 tog—p 1—k 2 tog—p 1—k 2 tog—p 1—k 2 tog—o—k 1—o—k 3—o—k 2 tog—m 2—k 2; 6th row—s 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o—k 2 tog—p 5—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 2—p 7—o—k 2 tog—k 2; 7th row—s 1—k 3—o—k 2 tog—k 2—o—k 3—o—k 3 tog—p 1—k 3 tog—o—k 3—o—k 3—o—k 2 tog—k 7; 8th row—cast off 5 (or slip and bind)—k 3—o—k 2 tog—p 7—k 1—p 9—o—k 2 tog—k 2; 9th row—s 1—k 3—o—k 2 tog—k 1—o—k 5—o—k 3 tog—o—k 5—o—k 3—o—k 2 tog—k 2—k 5—o—k 5—o—k 3—o—k 2 tog—k 2; 10th row—s 1—k 3—o—k 2 tog—k 12—o—k 2 tog—p 7—repeat from first row. Purl in reverse seam.

KNITTED KNEE-CAP.—Materials required: three ounces of Berlin wool and four steel knitting pins No. 16. Cast on 96 stitches, 32 on each needle. Knit one round plain; then 56 rounds ribbed—two plain and two purl. In the beginning of the 58th round knit 16 stitches plain, turn work and knit back plain the 16 stitches, adding one from the other needle, making 17 in all. Turn work and knit back plain, adding one stitch from the other side, making 18 in all. Repeat these two rows, adding one stitch each row until there are but 18 stitches left. These rows, which form the gusset for the knee, are all knitted plain. The 18 stitches which have not been added to the gusset, remain on the needle, and to these, now, are added on each row, reducing the number of stitches on the gusset in the same ratio they were increased, until there are but 16 remaining, the same number with which the gusset was started. Begin the ribbing again, two plain and two purl, and continue 56 rounds. Bind off loosely and finish with tiny crocheted scallop.—DORCAS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHE SPEAKS OUT.—May I have space in your valuable columns to serve my indignant thanks to country folks who board school ma'ams?

They need a two hours' lecture, some of them, for their treatment of the teachers who happen to board with them.

Now, ye of whom I speak—most of you seem to think a teacher has an easy time. She don't. She works harder than many of you do, and has need of as much patience as Job has to get along with your children, and with you—yes, with you.

How often do you compel her to take steamed biscuits, beans and strong butter to school for her dinner, when she pays from $2 upwards for her board. If she wants to study you haven't the manners to keep your children from annoying her with tricks and questions. If she wants to write your children all settle their elbows on her table, so her writing if a fright, unless she goes to some parlor to freeze. Why don't you keep those children off the table? Why don't you teach them to keep hands off? What teacher wants grease spots all oxer her dresses? Why do you expect her to do a share of the housework? She pays you the money for her board, which is enough. And why not treat her as you would wish to be treated? If you were away from home and friends, and paying money for board, which too often consists of the meanest fare, sometimes "warmed-over" victuals, the remaining scraps for your dinner, and a bed shared with one or two boisterous bed-fellows. If you cannot give good fare and sleeping accommodations, at least give polite and kind treatment. The editor will please excuse my writing as I am surrounded by half a dozen of "those children," while their parents sit and read.—TROUBLED.

TASTE FOR HORRORS.—I wish to thank Miss Bouton most heartily for her article, "Do Not Dwell Upon It," in the BLADE of July 19. It is, to my mind, one of the best things I have seen from her pen.

I have often wondered at the taste for horrors which some people possess, and have tried in vain many times to turn a conversation from the sickening details of mangled bodies, to the brighter and more enlivening topics. There must be suffering in the world, of course, and it is sad to see it or endure it; but it is not necessary to live over again all the horrors of that broken limb every time you have a caller. There are so many bright and beautiful things in the world that may furnish topics for cheerful conversation.

I wish also to thank "A Teacher" for her letter in the same issue. When I read H. L. H.'s letter I felt that it deserved a reply, but did not then take time to write. I have taught country schools, walked a mile and three-quarters, built the fires and swept the school room. I would have felt that the board was expecting too much if they had asked me, in addition to all my other duties, to be on hand in the children's games. They often play in different companies and at opposite parts of the grounds, thus making it impossible for the teacher to join with all. I agree with "A Teacher," that the home training is pre-eminently above school training in molding character. I have taught in a graded school where I had fifty children of nearly the same age, but from all grades of society—rich and poor, cultured and ignorant, good and vicious. These children may go from the first primary on through the high school together, and each will come out a reflection of mother and home. The school has had its effect, of course, and has influenced the character of some more than others, but no teacher can expect to have anything like an equal influence with the mother.

Would say to Irene that we tried her gold cake twice and it fell. The third time the addition of another half cup of flour made it a grand success.

Will some one please give the cause of, and cure for, dumb ague? Is there not a prevention, which we all know is better than a cure?—HENRIETTA.

ANOTHER SIDE.—In a recent BLADE was a letter on Sunday visiting. It was good from the writer's standpoint, but there are two sides to everything, and things look very different when looked at from different directions. Now, here the great majority of the people are Sunday visitors, and oh, what pleasant visits we do have. If we go on a week day our husbands can seldom go along except in midwinter.

There is always work that needs doing. Most of us have only one team, and it must be kept in the field, so Sunday is our free day. As to the work of the one being visited, that doesn't amount to much. We bake on Saturday, to be ready; then the visitors always help, unless there is a large family of girls.

"But the constant big Saturday's baking?" says one. Oh, dear! we don't bake every Saturday. Mrs. Brown was here last Sunday, and we have promised to go there next Sunday, so only bake bread. Mrs. James may also be at Brown's, and we may all go there the next Sunday and it may be for ten Sundays before it comes around to me again. A young strong woman with no little children, can walk to a neighbor's, if not very far, and so visit through the week, but there are mostly little children, weakness, or age, and even if not, it is pleasanter for husband and wife to visit together. In our neighborhood a person need only say they do not approve of Sunday visiting and they can have their Sundays to themselves and nobody will question their perfect right to so have.

We consider they miss a great deal but that is their affair, not ours. Let us all respect one another's feelings and not think our way is the only way and that the world will go to the bad because it will not go the way that looks right to us.—FLORA K. SMITH, Griswold, Cass Co., Iowa.

FROM AWAY OUT THERE.—A lady writes, asking, "Do you ever go tramping through those lovely woods of yours in rainy weather? And of so, how do you 'dress for the occasion?'" Yes, I go sometimes. If the "gude mon" is away somebody must "ca' the coos home," and if they are in the far corner of a fifty acre wood lot, and will no' coom for the calling, somebody must needs drive them up. And a lady's regulation house dress would fare her ill at such times. In this mountain climate good, comfortable underwear is a necessity all the year round. So when "occasion" comes I rise to meet it. I have rubber boots, too. Into their tops are tucked heavy woollen overdrawers. Over them a skirt of light material, reaching only to boot tops. ("Hunting boots" are a good substitute for the skirt.) Then a jacket or easy waist, and silk kerchief round neck. Then a rubber coat—not a silken gossamer that will shelter my lady across the street, but a stout, substantial rubber coat, such as are made for boys, buttoned up close and tight. Then a little felt hat, turned down all round; a large silk handkerchief tied over the hat and under the chin, the opposite side brought around the neck and secured in same way, to prevent the friendly advances of the omnipresent mosquitoes. If it be post day, and I have a letter here for my neighbors, I sling my oil cloth mail sack over my shoulder, take my little umbrella from my impatiently-waiting dog, and start. If I am to hunt the cows, I take my milk pail and stick. If I am going for flowers, roots, etc., I take the biggest basket the house affords, and never find it holds half enough. In either case, there is enough beauty to be enjoyed to pay for the trouble.

I always did have a passion for being out in a storm (so long as it wasn't a wind storm), but I do like to be dry and warm. Now, as I trudge along, the rain drops patter down, now soft, now thick and fast, and every pine and fir and larch seems distinctly outlined against its fellow; the ferns and brakes wave glistening fronds above my head and add to the deluge as I pass. Sweet wild roses are everywhere. The scarlet and the golden honeysuckle swing clusters of spicy tubes on all sides. The syringa shows mounds of of waxen whiteness against the vivid green, while numerous other flora are challenge admiration, turn where you will.

But the loveliest, and the daintiest, and the most provokingly elusive is an evergreen vine called—I don't know why—"The Jolly Soldier." I think it is a species of myrtle. All through June it not only covers the ground, including old logs, big rocks," etc., with a mat of shining green leaves, but every joint sends up a slender three-inch stock from which hang two tiny pink and white bells, giving out a fragrance of such exquisite sweetness you fairly hold your breath in waking over such a fairy carpet. Surely, the bride would be blessed whose pathway were lined with such myriads of rosy joybells. I could transport these flowers alone, to an eastern flower market I could make my fortune very quickly. They last well for a week in a soup plate or earthern saucer. But I have not been able to find seed, and the hair-like roots resist my prettiest coaxing when I try to transplant them. I found a beautiful, snow white, "butterfly" orchid today, and some lovely tints, "lily of the valley," and am going to try my luck with all of these in a large rockery, where a huge tin can, well hidden and somewhat leaky, will play the part of perpetual fountain, and I'll report progress some other time. Meantime, I have bouquets all over the house, and only wish I could share with the sisters who asked me to "Think of them." I'll send a few flowers to Miss Bouton, and you may enjoy them by proxy.

I have been making a pot-pourri of wild rose petals, and if it lacks the intense perfume more cultered gardens give, it has a rare, delicate sweetness all its own, and well suits the century old teapot which contains it.—MRS. JEANIE JACOBS, Kidd, Washington Ter.

INQUIRIES.

Can any member of the HOUSEHOLD tell me whether there is a school in the Eastern States that a girl could pay her board by working, providing her tuition is paid? I would want one of good discipline and strictly pure and orderly. Any one knowing such, will they please be so kind as to answer through the HOUSEHOLD, giving the address of the same, as soon as convenient?—A CONSTANT READER.

Will some one please tell me what will make a drab or a light gray in color for woolen goods?—MRS. G. C. K., Perry's Mills, N. Y.

Will some one who knows the song called "Robert Raikes," please send it to my address, Freeport, Cheyenne Co., Neb.? I will pay all postage. I do not know as that is the correct title of the song, but we want it for the benefit of the Sabbath school scholars.—N. S. CATLIN.

Can any one tell me what ails my chickens, the young ones I mean? Their eyes seem to grow tight shut. I have to open two or more every morning; part of the time but one will be closed, sometimes both. I have examined them, thought them lousy, but can find no lice. I will say just here for the benefit of those who, like myself, may not know till experience teaches them, a few of my hens being lousy while setting, I greased them with a mixture of sulphur, lard and kerosene the result being 7 chickens hatched from 30 eggs, the rest dying in shell. I broke the eggs a majority of which had chicks in them, but could not break the shell, the grease spoiling them.—A. L. L., Salem, Kan.

Do any of the BLADE HOUSEHOLD know where I can obtain a copy of the old "Missouri Harmony," an old-time singing book? If so please address J. A. UTTER, M. D., Thornton, Boone Co., Ind.

I am a middle-aged woman, have a nice little farm, my deceased husband's legacy. Having no children I have to depend entirely upon renters. I make my written contracts according to the rule of let live as well as live, then always make it a point to do even more than I contract to do. Still, I can't find a man that will do as he agrees to. Will some of the good farmers tell me how to manage such cases? Answer through the BLADE. It would be an advantage to other widows in like circumstances.—READER OF THE BLADE.

If any of the readers of the BLADE know of anything that will cure or relieve asthma, please let me know what it is.—MRS. A. BECKWITH, Haslet, Tarrant Co., Texas.

Who can tell me what was wrong with my canned corn? It spoilt. I followed directions. I pressed it in cans until milk came on top, put lid on partly, then cooked three hours. Will some one that has tried it, and it keeps, give full directions as soon as possible, as the corn will soon be ready to can?—A SUBSCRIBER, M. A.

Will some one please tell me through the BLADE how to make sugar candy; also, to make ice cream?

Will some one tell me how to make a quilt called the "Noah's Ark", and what was Queen Victoria's maiden name.—M. E. F.

Queen Victoria belongs to the family of the Gueiphs, but, as we understand the word surname, her family has none.—ED.

Will some one residing in Oregon or California please give me their address. I wish to correspond with them in regard to going to going to the above-named places to teach schoo? I would like to know as regards the demand for teachers, wages, etc. —MRS. MAY AMEY SMITH, Saxon, Ashland county, Wis.

Will the BLADE please ask MRS. A. A. Ware to send her address to Mrs. Ferd Meyers, Council Bluffs, Iowa, who would like to know more of her way of making cream cheese?

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"DOT," sweet milk will take that dreadful ink spot out and not injure the color, if it has not been wet with anything else. My little boy spilled ink on my carpet. I put sweet milk in a basin, took a clean cloth, wet the spot, soaked up all the ink and milk it would hold, threw the milk out, rinsed basin and cloth in clear water, got more milk, proceeded as before, until I had used nearly two quarts of milk. The spot was gone, and I then washed the milk out of the carpet with clear water. Sweet milk will take ink out of anything, if it has not been washed, after the ink is on it, or wet with any liquid. After ink gets dry, will have to be soaked, perhaps several days, changing milk occasionally.

The Toledo BLADE of June 28 is before me. In it I see the request of Hattie L. Melchert asking the readers of the BLADE to rob God's birds of the loved ones of their home nest for her pleasure. I want to ask her to withdraw her request. How would she like to have some one rob her home nest of some loved one for their pleasure? —M. A. BLAKESLEE, No. 824, Kansas avenue, N. Topeka, Kansas.

Please allow me room in your columns to thank the many friends that responded so nobly to my call for books. I cannot express my thanks with pen, nor on paper. God only knows how thankful I am. I say to one and all thank you for your words of encouragement and splendid papers, and I received one nice package of books from Ohio, and some from other places. I am, by God's grace, having good success preaching, better than I ever expected. May God bless you all.—REV. MRS. ANDERSON, Doniphan, Ripley county, Mo.

I have read several times in the BLADE inquiries from women wanting homes. If this catches the eye of a good elderly, or middle-aged, lady, able to do the work for two, she can find a good, permanent home by writing to Lock Box 15, Gladwin, Mich. Further particulars will be given by letter, and the best of references required.—PRACTICAL.

Many thanks to those who were so kind to send those tracts and also to James A. Worden.

I shall do all I can to start Sunday schools, and have the orders sent in for the papers, leaves and singing books, for they are needed so badly. May God bless the workers and such cheerful givers.—MRS. THEO. W. WORK, Monta Vista, Colorado.

I wish to tell the lady how to fix her wringer. If she wrap the bar closely with stout cotton cord, and then twist the rub" ber on the same, as twisting a nut on a bolt, I think it will stay; if it was rubbed over with melted beeswax and put on while warm, it would be better.

If Mary Hunter wishes to make a large tidy, then of course she will have to make more wheels; if a small one, then less wheels, according to the size of the tidy. She can sew or crochet the wheels together, just as she likes. I am glad she had no trouble in making the wheel. I have received so many letters from those that could not get the wheel right, and asking for a sample. I would like to send a crocheted wheel to all that ask for them, but it is impossible for me to do so, for I have more letters to answer than I can attend to in two months.—A. M. D.

RECIPES.

AN EASY ICE CREAM.—Have ready a quart of milk, three eggs, cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little cold milk or water. Now put the milk on the stove in a double boiler, to prevent burning. Beat the egg and sugar together and put with the milk. When this is thoroughly scalded, stir in the corn starch, and remove from the fire. Flavor to taste after it is cooled, as the flavoring will not evaporate in the steam. If you have no freezer pour it into a tin can or pail and set into a firkin or some handy vessel. Place plenty of ice and salt around, and stir occasionally.

TO PREPARE SALT MACKEREL WITH CREAM.—Soak the fish in cold water for a couple of hours, then cook slowly in clear water till tender; drain off the water and add a cup of rich milk or cream, and a tablespoonful of butter. Thicken slightly with cornstarch and serve in a covered tureen. —HERMONIE.

DELICATE PIE.—Whites of two eggs; four tablespoonfuls of cream; one large spoonful flour; one cupful white sugar; one cupful cold water; flavor with lemon; line a pie plate with pastry, pour in the mixture and bake immediately.

EGG OMELET.—One pint of rich milk; three tablespoonfuls of flour; three eggs well beaten; half-tablespoonful of salt and pepper; stir the flour and milk smooth, add the eggs, melt a large spoonful of butter in the baking pan, pour in and bake.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Break 2 eggs in a coffee cup, beat well and fill the cup with sweet cream and beat again. To this add 1 cupful of sugar, 1½ cupfuls of flour, in which 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been stirred.

YEAST BREAD.—Take 2 cakes of good dried yeast; pour over it into a bowl ½ of a teacupful of warm water. Let stand until dissolved, then add a tiny pinch of soda and enough flour to make a stiff batter; stir and set to rise in a warm place; boil half a dozen good sized potatoes, with or without the peeling. When done, skim out and mash fine. Add to ½ pint of sifted flour, pour the boiling water over the mashed potatoes and flour; stir well and add more flour and water if necessary, to make it the consistency of paste; let cool until milk warm, then add the risen yeast and stir well. Set the sponge thus made in a warm place (on top of a stove of hot water does best) several hours or over night. Early in the morning sponge by adding a quart and a half of warm water and enough flour to make a real stiff batter, add a tablespoonful nearly full of salt, a pinch of soda and a spoonful of sugar if desired. Stir and set in a warm place to rise; when risen mix very stiff and knead well for at least half an hour, adding flour to raise again, when risen knead and mould into six large or ten small loaves. Let rise, and when even with top of pan place into a moderate oven to finish rising, and bake an hour. Try with a broom straw, when done remove to table, wet the tops of all the loaves with cold water, turn out of pan, arrange on a cloth and cover well with folded tablecloth. When cold put away in covered stone jars down cellar. Never let your dough get very light before kneading, as it will be coarse if you do.—NANCY D. UNDERHILL, Canon county, Col.

TO REMOVE WHITE SPOTS FROM FURNITURE.—Take sweet milk and rub with a flannel cloth. Kerosine will remove white spots from furniture, caused by heat. Will also improve the looks of furniture when becoming dulled by use. Rub over lightly with a woolen cloth.—N. G. S.

INGROWING TOE NAILS.—Having, at various times, seen inquiries for a remedy for ingrowing toe nails, I send the following, which I know to be a positive and painless one: Sesqui chloride of iron, applied dry, inserting between the nail and flesh, and pressing the flesh on the same. Do this three or four times, or till a cure is effected. When the application is made, bind a cloth around the toe.—MRS. W. H. SHOLL.

SCALD HEAD.—Tell the lady who inquired for recipe for scald head, in the HOUSEHOLD department of the BLADE, of 23d inst., to soak the scalp well in warm pure castile soap-suds till sores are soft and clean; dry with soft cloth and immediately apply following mixture once per day: Take pure fresh hog's lard and enough carbolic acid to make a salve the consistancy of thick cream. Rub it in well, and wash the scalp once every day, just before applying the mixture. Have tried it to my own satisfaction.—MRS. R. S. JACOBS, Independence, N. Y.

MY WAY OF MAKING CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Make a brine strong enough to float an egg, using common barrel salt. A pair of scissors is the best thing to cut from vines with. Always leave a portion of stem on cucumbers as they keep better. Wash slightly, taking care not to rub off the roughness. Drop them into the brine and weight down to keep them from swimming on top. Can mix and add more brine as needed, always testing the strength. When all have been put in that is desired, have the brine to come over the top to cover the pickles nicely; then place a cloth over them, something that is colorless or will not fade; then place a round cover, enough smaller than the vessel containing the pickles, so as to fit closely, and weight them down. After they stand for awhile you will observe a scum arise; by some this is left to remain, but try removing the cloth once each week and wash it out thoroughly, and then replace. Continue as long as this scum arises and you will find when you go to freshen the pickles they will be as clean and solid as when first picked.—N. G. L.

Vigor and Vitality

In the combination, proportion, and preparation of its ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail. Peculiar in its good name at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most successful medicine for purifying the blood, giving strength, and creating an appetite.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

NO POSTOFFICE GIVEN.	GOLDEN GATE, MINN.
Phillip Cain	Corda A Greene
Overton Blanford	Mark M Greene
Fletcher Blanford	Addie D Greene
Ray Cain	Maggie E Greene
Earnest Hardaway	Ednia L Greene
Walter Chambers	BURLINGAME, KAN.
Penree Hardaway	Gertie Smith
Tommy Cain	

Names this week, 14. Total 23,969.

The above embraces all names received up to August 9.

SONG OF THE TRAVELERS OVER THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

St. Bernard is a mountain grand
As any there is in Switzerland;
And many a legend of it is told:
How Hannibal with his legions bold
Came over its pass in the days of old.
But what care we for that bygone age,
For better subjects our hearts engage
In the noble monks of St. Bernard,
Who o'er the snow region keep watch and ward.

CHOUS.

Then hurrah! hurrah for the noble monks,
And the dogs of St. Bernard,
Who over the regions of ice and snow
Keep vigilant watch and ward.

St. Bernard owns a convent old,
Its prior and monks are as good as gold,
Nine hundred years or more it has stood,
And noble the deeds of its brotherhood,
And noble the deeds of its servants good—
Its servants, the grand old dogs whose name
All over the world is known to fame;
Whose service asks no greater reward
Than the love of the monks of St. Bernard.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah! hurrah for the noble monks,
And the dogs of St. Bernard,
Who over the regions of ice and snow
Keep vigilant watch and ward.
—*From the Animal World, London.*

THE SHOWER-BIRD'S NEST.

BY HENRY C. PEARSON.

Several years ago, in the center of the "South Parish," stood an old-fashioned farm-house. Behind it was a woodshed; behind that was a barn, and behind the barn was the "shower-bird's nest." We might add further that behind the nest was Dexter. He was a bright, hatchet-faced blue-eyed little fellow, a hard worker, as his hands seamed with cracks and creases, callosities and scars, bore eloquent witness.

"That Dexter is a powerful likely boy," the neighbors were accustomed to remark.

"Paourful," his Uncle Daniel would reply, with the same rolling relish in the word that he enjoyed in "raound" and "snow."

Dexter was smart at hoeing, weeding, plowing and haying, but his genius in milking over-shadowed all the rest of his accomplishments. For this reason it was he who generally filled the brimming pails morning and night, and in less time than any other milker that had ever been there. It might have been due to his skill, or it may have been because he kindly touch made the difference; but certain it was, that even the "cross heifer" stood still when he milked, and chewed her cud as contentedly as if she had never kicked over a foaming pail.

"I wish this cow was holler, and brimful of milk; I wouldn't ask any better fun than to dror it off by the pailful," said Dexter, as he milked Daisy.

"How long s'spose 'twould take?" asked one of his half-dozen boy admirers, for he often milked before a group of spectators.

"Dunno," was the reply, emphasized by a stream of milk full in the face of the inquirer.

The audience applauded, and the milker looked pleased. The sufferer, the son of a milkman, wiped his face with his sleeve, and resumed his place in the circle to see some other boy hit.

"See that rooster?" Dexter would remark, by way of varying the entertainment. The boys, looking, usually saw a jet of milk, aimed by a skilful hand, showering an astounded fowl fully fifteen feet distant. Perhaps it was this that led to the invention of the "Shower-bird's nest."

A fever for egg-collecting had become epidemic among the South Parish boys that season, and Fred Simpson had authorized Dexter to rail pertaining to it. His collection of hawks' and crows' eggs, together with those of other birds, usually considered harmful, was very large, and the scorn he heaped on those who stole the eggs of the song birds was nearly as potent as the town law in protecting them. When he therefore announced that he knew where there was a shower-bird's nest, it produced quite a wave of excitement among all his companions.

"What kind of a bird is it?" ventured one of the boys.

Fred looked with unutterable contempt upon the inquisitive youngster.

"Don't never ask me such an ignorant question again!" he said severely.

The rest of the boys laughed wisely, and forbore to seek for information. They talked it over among themselves, however, and some thought it a gull, while others opined it was one of them "straddlin' ma'sh birds."

After urgent entreaty, Fred, with a pretence of reluctance, agreed to show it to one or two of the boys. They were obliged first to promise to keep the whole affair a profound secret, which they gladly did. After school, therefore, one at a time, they were hurried off to Dexter's barn.

With great ceremony, Fred would lead the seeker up to a square hole in the rear of the building, and, while the youngster's eyes were still blinded by the rays of the setting sun, bid him look through into the dim recesses of the barn.

"See that kang full of hay in the corner?" he would inquire.

"Yes."

"Wal, just shut one eye, kinder squintin' —open yer mouth, man, a feller can't squint with his mouth shet. That's jest right. Naow, do you see it?"

The last sentence was a signal to Dexter, who sat in the darkness all ready to do his part. When the word came, he sent a stream of milk with unerring aim through the aperture, and often into the open mouth of the bird's-nester, causing him to clutch wildly at the air, and almost tumble over backward.

Fred was such a capital showman, that the sport became popular, and almost every evening new recruits were marched up and deluged, to the infinite delight of the initiated, who lay hidden until the trap was sprung.

Uncle Daniel noticed the gatherings, heard the bursts of laughter, and wondered what was to pay. He also noticed that the pails were not as full as formerly. Several times he appeared suddenly and said, severely, to Fred: "Any more boys in this town?"

"Yes, sir; thar's the Wilson boys, the Parkinsons and the"—

"What are you doin' here?"

"Settin' on a bettel."

So innocent did Fred look, that the old gentleman had not the heart to send him home, and thus matters went on. At last, one evening, when things were particularly lively, and three new candidates had been successfully initiated, Uncle Daniel stalked in.

"Dexter," he said, with a ring in his voice that made the boy tremble, "I want that ten dollars and sixteen cents you stole of me."

"I never stole a cent!" replied the lad, forgetting his fear.

"I saw you," was the reply, "and so did these boys."

White and trembling, Dexter stood up and faced his accuser.

"Uncle Daniel, do you think I'd steal?" he said, his voice breaking.

"I never did think so, and shouldn't now if I hadn't seen it."

"But I never touched your money. Here, fish my pockes and see if I've got it."

"Oh, I know you hain't got it. You threw it away."

Full of bewilderment and dismay, Dexter stood, his eyes brimming with fears.

"Sonny," said Uncle Daniel, "jest let me explain. I make my livin' by farmin'. In this my cows help me aout. Every quart of milk they give is as good as six cents in cash. Now it comes two quarts short every night, which is twelve cents. Three weeks of that business would be tew dollars and sixteen cents, leavin' aout Sundays."

"Oh, that's different," said Fred.

"Taint stealin'," said Dexter, recovering a little from his astonishment.

"Aint it?"

A long silence followed, broken at last by Uncle Daniel.

"Boys," he said in his old kindly tones, and they knew they were forgiven, "hev all the wholesome, honest fun ye can, but don't let others suffer by it. Some boys seem to think they can't hev a good time onless they are breakin' winders, stonin' cats, or playin' tricks. There's no fun for them onless they are splin' something. Now, they are all wrong. Fun that hurts aint fun. Jokes that injure another's property ain't funny. So, boys, hev your good times, crack your jokes, hev all the harmless fun ye please, but fight shy of 'Shower birds' nests.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

AN INDIGNATION MEETING OF BIRDS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY PROF. SAMUEL LOCKWOOD.

Much has been said on reasoning by animals. Of the fact there can be no doubt; of its nature too little is know. But I think less still is known of the emotions of animals. Take an affectionate dog; how he suffers from jealousy! Our little Prince was completely miserable when his mistress would take the neighbor's baby on her lap.

Several times I have been eye-witness to an emotion of a high order among the birds—namely, sympathy with other birds in distress. Yes, and though it may challenge belief, I did once, to my own grief, see a gathering of wild birds for sympathy and indignation.

But if it is to be credited I must narrate the particulars.

When a college student I was taken very ill in my Sophomore year, and gaining my strength but slowly after the crisis had passed, the doctor ordered me into the country, away from my books.

I boarded at a farm-house, and gave myself entirely up to the woods and fields—in a word, I devoted myself to nature's book.

Through an entire summer I studied lovingly the ways of the birds. I even determined to raise some young thrushes and take them with me to my city home in the fall.

My selection was a nest of brown thrushes. It was in a thick mass of bushes in a swamp. It was an entanglement of wild growth, and almost impenetrable.

Every day I

REV. DR. TALMAGE AT ATLANTA.

The Self-Congratulatory, Self-Satisfied, Self-Worshipful Man Is Full of Faults—Two Kinds of Higher Life Men—Returned Prodigals.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 12.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, is in this region. He has spoken several times at the great Piedmont Chautauqua, and his public appearances are attended by vast multitudes everywhere. Preaching from the text (Luke xv. 28) "And he was angry and would not go in," he said:

Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition? The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermonic breeze, and the crunching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that for a long time I was unable to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I never could get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were poor, or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him. Not a side face, or a three-quarters, or the mere bust, but a full length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the starboard side and the other goes down over the starboard side, but they both go down.

From the window of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries. Not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clop!" go the cymbals, "thrum!" go the harps, "click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid pluralist. He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by, with a goat skin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the oriental schottische. No. There he stands. His brow lowers. His lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with indignation. He sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not sharpen his appetite. The joyous music does not put one step into his step. He is in a terrible pout. He criticises the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most unconmonly severe remarks about the prodigal's return. "Father, you and a few of your neighbors have had a pretty good time on my wedding day. I stayed at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid; that wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but the scapegrace went off in fine clothes and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him. He breaks your heart and you pay him for it. You go out and slay the best you have been giving extra feed during all these weeks wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it! That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures, and asking about what had occurred since the place was left by departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered, "I know him; I see him in the pulpit;" and when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant, he said, "Myself; when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated."

First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self-congratulatory, self satisfied, self-worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he thanks God he is not like that one. The reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property; now he has come back for another third. He will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I would go in, too, and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing was genuine; but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas! my friends, for the incredulity in the church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the recreant! You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say, "Yes; but he has reformed." "Oh!" you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken; I hope you are not mistaken." You say: "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear. Don't make too big a party for that returned prodigal, or strike the timbrel too loud; and if you kill a calf, kill the one that is on the commons, and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason why more prodigals do not come home to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in the church of God on this subject. There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that has returned and strayed home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of a hundred thousand names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal. And I could go out in all directions in this audience and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return.

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal. You do not know how to pray for him. You do not know how to greet him. He wants to sail in the warm gulf stream of Christian sympathy. You are the iceberg against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal. I know it. But you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky elder brother, and if you are going to heaven one would think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you. The hunters say that if a deer be shot the other deer shove him out of their company, and the general rule is, away with the man who had been wounded with sin. Now, I say, the more bones a man has broken the more need he has of a hospital, and that the more a man has been bruised and cut with sin the more need he has to be carried into human and divine sympathy. But for such men there is not much room in this world—the men who want to come back and are wandering. Plenty of room for elegant sinners—sinners in velvet and satin and lace—for sinners high-salaried, for kid gloved and patent leather sinners, for sinners fixed up by hair dresser, pomatumed, and lavendered, and cologned, and frizzled, and crimped, and "banged" sinners—plenty of room. Such we meet elegantly at the doors of our churches, and they receive an invitation to our best seats with Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher them into the house of God and put soft ottomans under their feet, and put a gilt-edged prayer book in their hand, and pass the contribution box before them with an air of apology, while they, the generous souls, take out the exquisite portemonnaie, and open it, and with diamond finger push down beyond the ten dollar gold pieces and delicately pick out as an expression of gratitude their offering to the Lord, of one cent. For such sinners plenty of room, plenty of room. But for the man who has been drinking until his coat is threadbare and his face is erysipelased, and his wife's wedding dress is in the pawnbroker's shop, and his children, instead of being in school, are out begging through the basement doors of the city—the man, body, mind, and soul on fire with the flames that have leaped from the scathing, scorching, blasting, consuming cup which the drunkard takes, trembling, and agonized, and affrighted, and presses to his parched lip, and his cracked tongue, and his shrieking yet immortal spirit—no room.

Oh, that my right hand might fall, if the parable had not gone so far off, if he had not dropped so low in wassail, the protest would not have been so severe; but going clear over the precipice as the younger son did, the elder son is angry and will not go in.

Oh, be not so hard in your criticism of the fallen, less than thyself be also tempted. A stranger one Sunday staggered up and down the aisles of my church, disturbing the service until the service had to stop until he was taken from the room. He was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of a sister denomination! That man had preached the Gospel, that man had broken the bread of the holy communion for God's people. Now what an height to what a depth! Oh, I was glad there was no smiling in the room when that man was taken out, his poor wife following him with his hat in her hand and his coat on her arm. It was as solemn to me as two funerals—the funeral of the body and the funeral of the soul. Beware lest thou also be tempted.

An invalid went to South America for his health, and one day sat sunning himself on the beach, when he saw something crawling up the beach, wriggling toward him, and he was affrighted. He thought it was a wild beast or a reptile, and he took his pistol from his pocket. Then he saw it was not a wild beast. It was a man, an immortal man, a man made in the image of God, and when the wretch crawled up to the feet of the invalid and asked for strong drink. The invalid took his wine flask from his pocket and gave the poor wretch something to drink, and under the stimulous he rose up and gave his history. He had been a merchant in Glasgow, Scotland. He had gone down under the power of strong drink until he was so reduced in poverty that he was living in a boat just off the beach. "Why," said the invalid, "I knew a merchant in Glasgow once," a merchant by such and such a name, and the poor wretch straightened himself and said, "I am that man." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said: "I have stayed at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the garlands." Alas for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and Mordecai, Othello and Iago, Orlando and Angelica, Caligula and Torquatus, Cæsar and Pompey, Columbus and his sailors, Shakespeare and Greene and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman. Dionysius and Philoxenius, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters. Closterman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds. Francia, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends him a picture. Francia, seeing it, fails in a fit of jealousy from which he dies. Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporaries speak of each other. Xenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from what writings you never would suppose they heard of each other. Religious jealousies. The Mahommedans praying for rain during a drought, no rain coming. Then the Christians began to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mahommedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers he kept the drought on so as to keep them praying; but that the Christians began to pray, and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that he sent rain right away so he would not hear any more of their supplications. Oh, this accursed spirit of envy and jealousy! Let us stamp it out from all our hearts.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died and a statue was lifted to him in a public place, his envious antagonist went out and wrestled with the statue until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, it is killing to the body and it is killing to the soul. How seldom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear of a physician speaking well of a physician of the same block. Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. The next best thing to riding in a fine equipage is to stand on the street and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to ourselves is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come home to his father's house.

Besides that, if we do not get as much honor and as much attention as others, we ought to congratulate ourselves on what we escape in the way of assault. The French general, riding on horseback at the head of his troops, heard a soldier complain and say, "It is very easy for the general to command us forward while he rides and we walk." Then the general dismounted and compelled the complaining soldier to get on the horse. Coming through a ravine, a bullet from a sharpshooter struck the rider, and he fell dead. Then the general said, "How much safer it is to walk than to ride!"

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the pouting Christian. While there is so much congratulation within doors, the hero of my text stands outside, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many pouting Christians there are in our day—Christians who do not like the music of our churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—pouting, pouting, pouting at society, pouting at the fashions, pouting at the newspapers, pouting at the church, pouting at the government, pouting at the high heaven. Their spleen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down, there are two cruets in their caster always sure to be well supplied—vinegar and red pepper! Oh, come away from that mood. Stir a little saccharine into your disposition. While you avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulence and the pouting spirting of the elder son, and imitate the father, who had embraces for the returning prodigal and coaxing words for the splenetic malcontent.

Ah! the face of this pouting elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radient and forgiving face of the father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist in sketching the field of Waterloo, years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch, put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that in the contrast we may better understand the forgiving and radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, take him clear back, to take him back forever, and forever, and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples, and heaven in his soul. Oh, I fall flat on that mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your doxologies. Some, earth and heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud. Lift the palm branches. Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender, all! Oh, go in to-day and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward, when you are through, put one hand in the hand of the returned brother, and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. "It is meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and he is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

TESTING A BIG TRUST.

The Attorney General of New York Moves Against the Sugar Combine.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—Attorney General Tabor has begun an action in the Supreme court against Henry O. Havemeyer, F. O. Matthieson, John E. Searles, jr., Julius A. Sternsberg, Theodore A. Havemeyer, John Jurgensen, John E. Parsons, Charles H. Senff, Wm. Dick, Joseph B. Thomas and Charles O. Foster, who constitute "the Sugar Refineries company," or "sugar trusts." The application alleges that the defendants have for six months and upward, exercised the rights and privileges of a corporation without being duly incorporated, and asks for an injunction restraining the defendants from such exercise.

The attorney general has also entered a complaint against the "North River Sugar Refining Co.," asking that the company be dissolved and a receiver appointed. Eight separate causes of the action are recited in this complaint. The complaint recites the history of the formation of "The Sugar Refineries company," which has an absolute control and direction of the affairs of the various sugar refining companies, by virtue of which it regulates and regulates at will the production and price of refined sugar in the state of New York and in the United States, and has and does arbitrarily limit and diminish said production and increase said price.

The complaint asserts that this agreement created a monopoly injurious to the trade and commerce, and was entered into in violation of the law. It is further stated that the defendants agreed to divide its profits with the other companies, and to share their losses, and this agreement is alleged to have been an act ultra vires. Complaint is also made that the defendant agreed that the trust might at will, suspend the operations of any of the companies, and that the defendant would nevertheless divide its profits with any company so suspended. The defendant is asserted to have carried out this agreement, and by so doing to have exceeded its powers.

It is further stated that during the year 1888, the defendant has failed to file a report, as prescribed by the act of its incorporation, and the final count states that in December, 1887, the defendant went out of business, and thenceforth, for a few months, has failed to do any business or to exercise its powers, and has thereby forfeited its charter.

This action against the "North River Sugar Refining company" is regarded as a test case against the Sugar Trust. The attorney general is represented in both actions by Gen. Roger A. Pryor. John E. Parsons is the counsel for the board of which he is a member.

OPPOSED TO PROHIBITION.

The Personal Rights League Explains the Reason for Its Existence.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.—The executive committee of the Personal Rights League has effected an organization. Temporary officers of the national organization were elected as follows: President, W. H. Dyrenfurth; treasurer, E. Herman Plantz; recording secretary, Dr. C. Frank Lydston; corresponding secretary, John Z. White; financial secretary, H. Paulsen. Dr. Dyrenfurth, in accepting the presidency, delivered an address in which he set forth the objects of the league. He declared that the organizers and members of the league, while strongly in favor of temperance, are opposed to prohibition, as being impracticable and degrading and aimed against personal rights. Bieng opposed to prohibition as a principle, "they are naturally opposed to having the intolerant advocates of that principle obtain such control or even influence in politics as may give them opportunity to have introduced laws in restraint of the exercise of personal rights. The manufacture of alcoholic beverages should be under the strict control of the authorities and equally strict control should be exercised to prevent the adulteration of food; to prevent the corruption of the press and the consequent injurious influence upon the people, and corruption of the people's finances should be purified, and formation of so-called trusts prevented.

All these reforms the league aims to accomplish, by procuring the interpretation of existing laws and the enactment of new, lucid and unequivocal ones in liberal and public spirit, whereby the people will comprehend the nature of their personal rights, as well as that of other duties.

DOES CHINA MEAN IT?

Menacing Language From the Land Across the Deep.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 8.—Mail advices per Australian steamer, state that the leading Chinese merchants of Tamedin, one of the chief cities of New Zealand, have received a copy of an Imperial proclamation from a high man in Pekin, declaring that the exclusion of Chinese from the British Colonies is a national insult, that the Imperial army numbers 13,000,000 men, that the navy is being strengthened and the army improved, and that in three years China will be able to cope with Great Britain. The edict also commands all Chinese in Australian colonies to wind up their affairs and return to China in three years.

The Senate adopted the resolution instructing the Finance committee to make an investigation of the cotton-bagging pool.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick head ache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Limberget and Schweitzer Cheese.

N. T., Cincinnati, O.:—Limberger and Schweitzer kase (cheese) are made in this country, equal to those imported.

Dorking Fowls.

Mrs. R. L., Cuyahoga county, O.:—The Dorking is an English fowl. The varieties are: Grey, silver grey and white. The white is believed to be the original breed.

Splints.

N. B., Susquehanna county, Pa.: Splints are bony enlargements found on the splint bones of a horse. They are situated on each side of the cannon bones and posterior to them.

The Percheron Horse.

J. A. F., Milwaukee, Wis.:—We believe all authorities agree that Nogent, province of La Perche, distant about 100 miles from Paris, France, is the heart of the breeding country of the celebrated Percheron draught horse.

Diarrhea in Pigs.

D. B. S., Kansas: For diarrhea in pigs, give fresh skimmed milk thickened with wheat flour. A trough should provided for sucking pigs, and feeding them separate from the sow should begin when two or three weeks old. The best time to castrate young pigs is about ten days before they are weaned.

Indigestion.

J. F. B., Good Intent, Kan.: We are not certain as to the nature of the disease that is threatening your filly, but we judge that it is suffering from indigestion. Symptoms of this are: Capricious appetite, loss of appetite, hide-bound, scurvy skin, irregular bowels, dry, short cough, at times urine dark colored, etc. We advise you to give the animal powdered aloes, 2½ drachms; bicarbonate of soda, one ounce. After this has operated, give the following for one dose twice daily for a week: Bicarbonate of soda, half an ounce; powdered gentian, half an ounce; powdered nux vomica, 20 grains. To remove the roughness from the skin, wash the animal with tepid soapsuds water. Dry well and then apply pine tar and lard to the skin in equal parts. Let this remain on for three or four days, and then wash off with soapsuds water. If there is a discharge from the nose after using the above write again.

Alfalfa or Lucerne.

F. L. P., Riley county, Kansas: Alfalfa or Lucerne is a deep-rooting perennial, with clover-like stems, and is, in a mild climate or on good calcareous soil, a great producer of green food. The soil must be mellow. It needs protection the first year. It must be cut when the bloom appears, in order that it may not become too hard for cattle. The roots penetrate deeply into the ground, and it will be green and bright when other grasses are injured by drouth. Three to four crops may be cut in a season. Cattle are very fond of it. It does not exhaust the soil. It is sown either in the spring or fall. Many people prefer fall sowing. In some sections it is sown in the spring, about 12 inches apart, in drills, and cultivated until it covers the ground. This requires about eight pounds of seed per acre. It takes about 25 pounds broadcast. Costs 25 to 30 cents per pound. It has a blue flower and is liked by bees. We would not recommend sowing it with millet. In not recommending for permanent pasture a variety of seeds should be sown. The mixture of varieties recommended by a leading agriculturist is: Sweet scented vernal, flowering in April and May, 1 pound; meadow fescue, May and June, 2 lbs.; meadow foxtail, May and June, 2 lbs.; orchard grass, May and June, 6 lbs.; June grass, May and June, 4 lbs.; Italian rye grass, June, 4 lbs.; perennial rye grass, June, 6 lbs.; perennial clover, July, 6 lbs.; timothy, June and July, 3 lbs.; red top, June and July, 2 lbs.; rough stalked meadow, June and July, 2 lbs.; white clover, May to September, 5 lbs.; blue grass, 3 lbs.; alsike clover, 3 lbs. This gives a succession of feed, and heavy growth upon land. This mixture may be had of any seedsman.

Mushrooms.

Subscriber, Steubenville, O.:—The following from the "American Gardeners Assistant," will give you information regarding mushrooms: The methods of procuring and propagating spawn, and of forming mushroom beds, are numerous. Indigenous spawn may be collected in pasture lands in September and October, or it may be found in the strength during dry in the paths of walks wrked by horses, or in other horse-walks under sheiter: it is frequently found in old hotbeds or dunghills in the summer season, and mushrooms of good quality may often be seen beginning to form on the surface like large peas. When these are absorbed it is time to take out the spawn, which is generally in hard, dry lumps or pieces, the spawn having the appearance of whitish coarse pieces of thacad. The true sort has exactly the smell of a mushroom, If spawn thus collected be required for immediate use, it may be planted in the beds at once, or it will keep three or four years, if laid away to try with the earth adhering to it, and afterwards placed in a cellar, dry, and afterwards placed in a current of air; but if the heat completely dried the spawn will exhaust itself or perish, as it will not bear the extremes of heat, cold, or moisture.

How to make Mushroom Beds.—Mushroom beds are simply heaps of animal dung and earth, so tempered as to be capable of producing and preserving spawn, in order to have genial spawn at all times, it should be so formed as to be always at command. To this end, a quantity of fresh horse-droppings mixed with short litter should be collected. Add to this one-third of cow dung and a small portion of good earth to cement it together; mash the whole into a thin compost, like grafting-clay; then form it in the shape of bricks, which being dried them on edge, and frequently turn them until half dry, then with a dibble, make one or two holes in each brick, and insert in each hole a piece of spawn the size of an egg; the bricks should then be laid where they can dry gradually. When dry, lay dry horse-dung on a level floor, six or eight inches thick; on this pile the bricks, with spawn inside, permonently. When the pile is snugly formed, cover it with a small portion of fresh warm horse dung, sufficient in quantity to produce a gentle glow through the whole. When the spawn has spread itself through every part of the bricks, the process is ended, and they may be laid up in any dry place for use, Mushroom spawn made according to this receipt, will preserve its vegetable taking powers for many years, if well dried before it is laid up, if moist, it will grow and soon exhaust itself.

Mushroom-beds are often formed in ridges on the open air, covered with litter and mats, so as to prevent heavy rains exciting a fermentation; and sometimes in ridges of the same sort, under cover, as in the open sheds of hot-houses. They are also made in close sheds behind hot-houses or in houses built on purpese, called mushroom houses. A moderately warm, light cellar is peculiarly suited for this purpose, in the winter season, and no fire is necessary, and but little water—the application frequently proves injurious when not judiciously managed. Mushrooms may also be raised in pots, boxes, hampers, etc., and placed in warm situations; also in old beds, in pits with glazed frames, and in dark frames or pits.

The general way of making mushroom beds is, prepare a body of horse-dung, moderately fermented, about a yard in thickness, more or less, according to the size and situation in which the bed is to be formed. When the strong heat has subsided, an inch of good mould may be laid over it, and the spawn planted in it in rows five ot six inches apart. After this is done, another layer of mould an inch thick, may be added and then a coat of straw. Beds well constructed will produce mushrooms in five or six weeks, and will produce for several months, if care be taken in gathering, not to destroy the young ones. As mushsooms are gathered from time to time, the straw should be spread carefully over the bed.

"Beds made in a convenient place, where there is space all around, may be formed so as to make four sloping surfaces, similar to the roof of a house, which, by being spawned on the four sides, will yield abundantly. The celebrated Mr. Nichol makes his beds without spawn. The following are his directions:

"After having laid a floor of ashes, chips, stones, gravel, or brick-bats, so as to keep the bed quite dry and free from underdamp, lay a course of horse-croppings six inches thick. These should new from the stables, and must not be broken, and the dryer the better. They may be gathered every day until the whole floor or sole becovered to the above thickness; but they must not be allowed to ferment nor to heat In the whole process of making up, the bed should be as much exposed to the air as possible: and it should be carefully defended from the wet, if out of doors. When this course is quite dry, and judged to be past a state of fermentation, cover it to the thickness of two inches with light, dry earth; if sandy, so much the better. It is immaterial whether it be rich or not; the only use of earth here being spawn to run, and mass in. Now lay another course of droppings, and earth them over as above, when past a state of fermentation; then a third course, which, in like manner, earth all over. This finishes the bed, which will be a strong and sproductive one, if properly managed afterwards.

"Observe, that in forming the bed, it should be a little rounding, in order that the center may not be more wet or moist than the sides. This may be done in forming the sole or floor at first, and the bed would then be of equal strength in all parts. If it be made up against a wall in a cellar, staple or shed, it may have a slope of a few inches from the back to the front, less or more, according to its breadth. I have sometimes been content with two courses as above, instead of three; and often, when materials were scarce, have made them up slighter, thus: three four-inch courses of droppings, with one inch of earth between each, and a two inch covering at top. Such a bed as this, I have had produce for ten or twelve successive months; yet very much depends on the state of the materials, on the care taken in making up the beds, and on the after-management.

"The droppings of hard-fed horses only, are useful. Those of horses kept on green food will, of themselves produce few or no mushrooms. I have made up beds from farm horses, fed partly on hard and partly on green food, and the carriage or saddle-horses fed chtirely on corn or hay, treated them in the same way in every respect, and have found, not once, but always, those made from the latter most productive. Droppings from hard-fed horses may be procured at the public stables in towns, or at inns in the country, any time of the year; and if the supply be plentiful, a bed of considerable dimensions may be made and finished within five or six weeks. In as many more weeks, if in a cellar or dry stable or shed, it will begin to produce, and often sooner; but if the situation of the bed be cold, it sometimes be two or three months in producing mushrooms."

Extremes of Temperature Should be Avoided.—It may be necessary to state further, that extremes of heat, cold, drought, and moisture, should be avoided in the cultivation of mushrooms. If the temperature keeps up to 50 degree in the winter, the beds will be safe, and the heat in the beds may rise to 60 or even 70 degrees without injury. Air also must be admitted in proportion to the heat, and 60 degrees would be about right for a medium temperature. Water, when given a little at a time, is better than too much at once, after the spawn has begun to spread; and the water for this purpose should always be made blood warm. A light covering of straw may be used to preserve moisture on the surface; and if the beds are made in open frames, or otherwise subject to exposure, the straw may be laid thicker than on beds in a cellar.

Should beds fail in producing mushrooms after having been kept too hot or too wet, it may be inferred that the spawn is injured or destroyed; but if, on the contrary, a bed that has been kept moderately warm and dry should happen to be unproductive, such bed may be well relinquished with warm water, and a coat of warm dung may be laid over the whole. If this does not enliven the bed after having lain one month, take the earth off; and if, on examination, there is no appearance of the spawn, the whole may be destroyed. On the contrary, should the bed contain any spawn, it may be renovated by covering it again, especially if any small tubercles be discernable. If the heat should have declined, the spawn may be taken out and used in a fresh bed. If beds be formed in hotbed frames under glass, some mats or straw must be laid over the glass to break off the intense heat of the sun.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stacking Hay and Straw.

There are instances in which it is not convenient to put all the hay or straw under cover, although four or six or eight posts set up so as to allow rafters to be put on, either joining in the middle or by leaving the posts on one side higher than the other to make a slanting roof, is a desirable thing. So the stack is resorted to, and if carefully built, answers the purpose.

To make a stack, choose ground where the water will run away from it, and manage to make a platform of rails or poles or by setting stakes so as to keep the hay or straw up some eight or ten inches from the ground. Setting up a center pole will be of advantage.

Always commence stacking in the center and work outwards, and keep the center full and well tramped. The stack should carry the appearance of an umbrella when shedding rain, and it is built on precisely the same principle. When high enough, if not well rounded, a large canvas is thrown over it, and it is allowed to settle for a day or two, and if it has been well made according to directions, it will settle pretty straight. It is then topped off with good, long hay, handed up in small forkfuls to the stacker, and, when finished, tied down by two wires, running from the ground over the top to the same point, fastening these wires keep the top in place, and the hay top cannot blow off, and it will keep thus in good condition, for a long time. The addition of a cap of boards will give less weather-beaten hay.

It much better to stack only one stack in a place, and if necessary to have several stacks in the same field, to have them situated so far apart that in case of one being set on fire by lightning, or from any other cause, only one stack will be lost, whereas, if built in stack-yard, all would go, and thus cause quite a loss. Hay can be stacked less green than when put in the barn.

Grass that has a great many weeds in it can be cut before the weeds mature their seed, and can be stacked thus, using plenty of salt; and a most toothsome hay will be found ready at hand in the cold winter months for all kinds of stock.

Straw, at the time of threshing, should be stacked or ricked in the very best manner, as it is not only a very valuable product of the farm for bedding, but if nice and bright, will astonish those unacquainted with the art of feeding, how cattle, though having an abundance of the best hay and grain, will, when allowed liberty, eat considerable straw.

Straw ricks, after they have settled sufficiently, should be re-topped, and then well combed down; and if a day or so is spent thus it will pay all that it costs, during the winter's feeding.—*N. J. S., in Prairie Farmer.*

Roses in Ancient and Modern Rome.

According to historians the ancient Romans were extravagantly fond of roses, and had them forced into flower in winter at great cost, the gardeners even heating their green-houses by means of hot water in pipes. During the time of Domitian the Egyptians thought to pay great honor to his birthday by sending him roses in the middle of winter. Martial thus apostrophizes on the exploit: "The ambitious inhabitants of the land watered by the Nile, have sent these, oh, Cæsar, the roses of winter as a present, valuable for their novelty." But the boatman of Memphis will laugh at the gardens of Pharaoh as soon as he has taken one step in the capital city, for the spring, in its charms, and the flowers in their fragrance and beauty, equal the glory of the fields of Paestæum. Wherever he wanders or casts his eyes, every street is bedizzled with garlands of roses, and thou, oh, Nile! must now yield to the fogs of Rome. Send us thy harvest, and we will send thee roses.

Cleopatra is said to have spent $600 for roses at a festival in honor of Marc Antony. But if Sentonius is to be credited a fete given at the Gulf of Baiæ, by Nero, inns were established on the banks of the river and ladies of distinction played the parts of hostess; the expense alone incurred for roses was more than $100,000. They spread couches of them, spread them over the floors and used them in every conceivable way. Until recently the rose has not been particularly notable in modern Rome, but now seems on the upward move again. The London *Queen* says:

The Roman rose-show is becoming more important every year; so much so that the Casino on the Pincian is no longer adequate to the requirements of space, either of the flowers themselves or the fashionable crowd which annually assemble to admire them. The Marquis di Casteldelfino, who is president of the Roman Horticultural society, delivered on the opening day an interesting address, taking the rose for his text, which was much applauded, and the applause was enthusiastically renewed when the Marchese proposed naming two beautiful roses grown under glass King Humbert and Queen Margaret. Signor Giuseppe Balestra exhibited 766 varieties of roses grown at his villa on Monte Paroli, including almost all the known varieties of tea roses for which he is famous. Prince Doria-Pamfili showed 440 varieties of cut roses, including some new ones, all remarkable for splendor of color, and two other especially varied and beautiful collections of cut-roses were shown by the Dutchess of Sermoneta and the Marcesso Medici del Vascella (formerly Mrs. Ingham). The display was, on the whole, so fine that considerable difficulty was found in awarding the various prizes and medals.—*Prairie Farmer.*

News of the Week.

CROPS AND TRADE.

DUN'S REVIEW.

The State of Trade During the Past Seven Days.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—R. G. Dun's weekly review of trade says: Crop prospects are not quite as good, and as recent improvement in business has been based almost entirely upon confidence in a large yield, the change is of some consequence. Corn still promises best of the large crops, but is late, and in more than the usual danger from possible frosts. Some injury in Kansas from drought has been reported, but later telegraphic advices tell of rains and improvement.

Cotton has not improved, and in Texas, where the recent outlook was very satisfactory, many complaints of drought are heard.

Our special crop reports from the Northwest show that spring wheat has been blighted by hot winds or damaged by rust or bugs in many quarters, so that as full a yield as was expected is no longer possible. About Albert Lea and St. Cloud, Minn., not over half a crop is now expected. In some parts of Dakota the injury is considerable, and the prospect is poorer in parts of Wisconsin. But the reports are very favorable as to corn, and the injury to oats in some localities does not seem to require important changes in estimates.

Foreign advices indicating deficient crops of wheat in Europe have helped to support the market here, but actual reports do not answer expectations, and prices have declined ½c for the week.

Corn is unchanged, and oats 1c lower.

Hogs are 10c and lard 7c per 100 lbs. higher.

Cotton has advanced ¼c, and oil 4½c. The speculative markets have not been especially active, but sales of wheat have reached 45,000,000 bu. here.

In sugar, an active demand for refined has lifted prices ¼c, while raw sugar is unchanged.

Wool grows stronger in the country, farmers acting quite generally on the belief that there will be no change in the tariff this year.

Copper is dull, tin stronger, and lead is weak, with scanty demand.

Rubber is also weak at 67c for parafine. The general average of prices which fell about 1 per cent a week ago, has changed scarcely at all since that time, and is not 1½ per cent above the level of July.

Trade reports from nearly all interior points are full of confidence, and at many the actual improvement already noticed still continues.

At Cleveland the lumber and coal trades are better, but iron ore is dull; at Pittsburg there is less activity in iron, but prices are steady and 9,337 out of 12,061 coke ovens in the Connelsville district are at work, producing 92,723 tons weekly at about $1 per ton. The anthracite and bituminous coal trades are also strong.

Among the new developments of interest is the rapid growth of the lumber business in Texas, where large mills have been erected, and the mills are pushed to their full capacity, supplying demands from Missouri, Kansas and Western states generally.

The important discovery of iron ore in Michigan is held to extend by several miles the known ore-bearing territory.

There is no complaint of monetary scarcity, though in some points a distinct improvement in the demand is noted, and collections have a little at Cleveland and Milwaukee though slow in Minnesota. The superabundance here has reduced rate to 1 per cent on call and the treasury has just purchased another $1,000,000 bonds, but prior to that had taken in for the week $700,000 more than it had paid out.

Foreign trade still falls below that of last year at New York for five weeks, 12 per cent in imports and 7.8 per cent in imports But the course of foreign exchange and of the stock market as well, indicates that foreign capital is still coming hither, and the demand for investment securities has left many dealers quite bare of bonds.

Stocks have risen about $1 per share, with some reaction later, and railroad reports continue to show larger gross and smaller net earnings than those of last year.

If the iron market is a reliable barometer of business, its latest indications are rather favorable. Some stiffening in prices appear, though there is no improvement in bar iron or steel rails. Numerous announcements of new works about to be established, or of furnaces about to resume operations, show that confidence in the future is increasing.

The bank clearings for the last week show a smaller volume of business at all points than a year ago, but 12.3 per cent, but only 1.6 per cent smaller outside of New York, with scarcely any decrease in July outside, a decrease of 4.3 per cent in the aggregate. As last year's transactions were exceptionally large, the trade now in progress is by no means discouraging in volume, though the margin for profits is exceedingly narrow in many branches.

Business failures during the last seven days, number: United States, 205; Canada, 32; total, 237. Compared with 216 last week, and 180 for the corresponding week of last year.

THE GROWING GRAINS.

The Condition of Crops as Shown by the August Report.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—The department of Agriculture reports a small advance in the condition of corn, from 93 last month to 95.5. This has been generally seasonable, though in excess in some districts and deficient in some others. In Kansas, the Carolinas, Delaware and New York, condition is reduced by local droughts.

In the Southwest, where droughts sometimes occur at this season, there has been an improvement, and a large crop is already assured.

In four corn surplus states, high condition prevails with some advance over the figures of last month. The percentages of the states of the central valleys are: Kentucky, 98; Ohio, 98; Indiana, 99; Illinois, 96; Iowa, 98; Missouri, 94; Kansas, 91, and Nebraska, 96. There will be a heavy crop in this region, as is usually the case when expected in an impossible year following one of extreme drought. High condition of maize also prevails in the northern border states and territories, Dakota standing lowest at 84.

Spring wheat has fallen from its high position of a month ago. The chinch bug stands at the head of the disasters reported,

BLAINE AT HOME.

The Great Statesman Stands Again on His Native Heath.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10—About 6 o'clock the Starin met the City of New York outside the narrows. The Starin turned about and both vessels slowly steamed up the bay, bow and bow. Cheer after cheer rose from the decks of the Starin, although it was yet impossible to distinguish Mr. Blaine's form among the 2,000 that stood on the decks of the huge steamer.

As the vessels neared each other Mr. Blaine's form was at last made out, standing in a group of friends on the upper deck forward.

As cheer after cheer arose, Mr. Blaine bowed repeatedly.

He was nattily dressed in a dark cutaway coat, light trousers and brown derby hat.

The Chicago Blaine clubs' little tug had been the first to greet the steamer as it came up the bay and clung under its wing, while the Chicago men cheered. Cappa's band on the Starin played "Home Again," and "Home Sweet Home," and "The Star Spangled Banner," while advancing up to quarantine.

The both vessels came to anchor and as the Starin ran over under the side of the City of New York, Mr. Blaine's face and form were plainly visible to every one on board. Cheer after cheer broke forth, handkerchiefs and flags were waved, cries of "Blaine," "James G. Blaine," "No free trade," arose and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. At last, at 9:15 o'clock, to the music of "Hail to the Chief," Mr. Blaine got on board the Starin, escorted by Whitelaw Reid and Mr. Poole.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Mr. Bartlett Opens Up the Floodgates of Oratory.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10—When the Starin got under way, Mr. Bartlett delivered the following address of welcome:

"MR. BLAINE:—The Republican club of the city of New York and its invited guests tender to you, sir, through me as president of the club, their warmest greetings and sincerest congratulations upon your arrival once more in health and strength on these shores.

"When the club first proposed this reception, it was not intended as an act having political significance, but rather as a private expression of love and regard for one whom we look upon as our most illustrious citizen.

But we found our suggestion stirred the friendly jealousy of the whole country, and with one accord it insisted that the event of your arrival home should be the occasion of a demonstration more general in its character than was originally contemplated, and as a result there were assembled for several days in the city of New York tens of thousands of your friends from all parts of the country impatiently waiting to offer the spontaneous tribute of their respect and admiration.

The delay in your arrival has interfered to some extent with the programme. Last night a great parade took place, about forty thousand strong, lacking but one thing, your inspiring presence. Many of the paraders from abroad were compelled to return to their homes at an early hour this morning.

"We are not assembled, sir, on this occasion in a spirit of adulation to do homage to one occupying high official position, nor are we seeking to find favor with a candidate upon whom the mantle of power is soon to rest, but we come to greet a private citizen, whose name is so intimately associated in our history for the past generation that no office can add lustre to his fame, or increase the esteem and admiration in which he is held by his fellow countrymen.

"Again, sir, we bid you welcome to your native shores."

MR. BLAINE'S REPLY.

Greatly Pleased With the Reception—His Love for Sheridan.

Mr. Blaine said in reply:

"MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB, AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—To enable you to appreciate this welcome each and every one of you should be absent from home and country for the long period of fourteen months. I am sure you can have little conception of the great gratification of that instant when I saw the shores of the great Republic. I cannot tell you how deeply grateful I am to be remembered in this manner by you and these assembled gentlemen. It is a scene I shall never forget. It is an occasion which I assure you I appreciate from the depths of my heart. It is shadowed only by the sad event which greeted us as the first piece of American news we heard—the death of General Sheridan, a man who was above party and stood for the Union of the states [shouts of 'good']. With that exception my arrival on my native shore was unattended by anything but joy and happiness.

PROTECT THE LABORER.

"The campaign on which you are about to enter should be prefaced, if that were possible, by every voter in the United States seeing what I have seen, [Good, good,] and hearing what I have heard during the last year. [Applause.] The progress of the campaign in the United States is viewed from the European standpoint with an interest as profound as it is in the United States. It is the opportunity of England. It is the long-looked occasion upon which the cheap labor and the cheaper fabrics of the old world expect to invade the home market, to lower the wages of American workingmen to the European standard. [Great applause.]

"It is not a contest of capital against capital; it is not a contest of partisan against partisan. It is much higher than either of these. It transcends all party motive [Applause.

"Whether the great mass of American citizens who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow shall be seriously reduced in their emolument from day to day. [Applause.] That is the whole pith and moment of this question.

"Anything that diverts the question from that single point is a weakening of the campaign. [Applause and cries of 'good.'] I say here, as I hope to say with much more elaboration [loud cheering and cries of 'that's what we want'], I say here that the wages of the American laborer cannot be reduced except with the consent and the votes of the American laborer himself. The appeal lies with him. It comes to his door and asks him whether, with the great power of the franchise and the great majority he possesses, in his own hands, he is willing for himself and his associates, his children and his children's children to take that fatal step, at the bidding of an American Congress and an American President who are governed by the element which sought to destroy this nation.

"But, gentlemen, it is not a time for a political speech. My heart is too full to enter at this time on lengthened argument. In this moment of welcome and joy at getting home to old scenes and old friends, I must be allowed to enjoy the pleasant emotions of the occasion. I can only add my fervent thanks to each and every member of the club and to all my friends for the generous and joyous welcome they have extended to me in the harbor of New York.

INTENSE INTEREST.

While Mr. Blaine was speaking the cabin was packed to its utmost limits, and heads were thrust in through the windows eager to hear every word spoken. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and every point made was quickly seized and cheered. An outburst of cheering followed the conclusion of the brief speech.

Mr. Blaine was escorted into the ladies' saloon, where he received a number of his friends. In a little while he ascended to the saloon on the upper deck, where he received congratulations, having a pleasant word for all who greeted him. While there he was handed an address by Edward Fitzwilliam, of Boston, representing the Workingmen's Protective Union of Massachusetts.

He was also presented with an address by Murat Halstead, representing the Young Men's Blaine club of Cincinnati.

MR. BLAINE INTERVIEWED.

He is at the Service of the Republican Campaign Committee.

To a reporter Mr. Blaine said he did not know whether he would go on to Maine to-night or not. He did not know what arrangements had been made for him. When told the Irish Americans proposed to serenade him to-night and present an address he replied, "That's all right. I'm glad of it." As to what part he would take in the campaign, Mr. Blaine said he could say nothing at present.

He did not think that he would go outside the state of Maine until after the state election on the second Monday in September. When asked about his health, he at first said he was perfectly well, and then added, laughingly, "That's a question I haven't answered in three years."

To a question as to the political aspect, his reply was, he did not care to say anything then, further than he had said in his speech.

W. H. H. Miller, the law partner of Gen Harrison, was cordially greeted, and Mr. Blaine inquired about the General's health.

Mr. Blaine said he and his family enjoyed the trip over, and that it was on the whole a pleasant one. He said they had three days of fogs and what landlubbers might call rough weather, but they had nothing to complain of.

The steamer, meanwhile, was steaming up the river, with the band playing, and its passengers indulging in frequent cheers for Blaine.

Along the river it was escorted by the police boat Patrol, the Chicago Blaine club's tug and other vessels, while a constant series of shrill salutes from the steam whistles of boats it passed marked its progress to the pier at Twenty-second street and the North river, where all on board disembarked.

The police landed from the Patrol and preserved order while others already stationed at the entrance to it prevented the large crowd waiting in the street from surging in. Mr. Blaine was escorted to a carriage by Messrs. Poole and Bartlett, of the Republican club, and was at once driven to the Fifth Avenue hotel, where rooms had been engaged.

Mrs. Blaine, Miss Blaine, Miss Dodge, Walker Blaine, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Blaine, and others were rapidly driven to the hotel in carriages awaiting the party on the pier.

CARRIER PIGEONS AT WORK.

Events as they occurred on the boat from the moment Mr. Blaine boarded it, were quickly recorded and sent to the Associated Press by carrier pigeons.

A pigeon which Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., dispatched at quarantine earlier in the morning, arrived at its destination with its message within half an hour from the time it left her hand.

A second pigeon was sent away by Mrs. Carson Lake, and a third by Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, of the Chicago *Tribune*.

AT THE FIFTH AVENUE.

The corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel were crowded this morning by prominent Republicans, members of the Republican clubs and others who had gathered to meet Blaine on his arrival there. A posse of police under command of Sergeant Sheldon, of the Nineteenth precinct, were on hand, stationed outside the hotel, and when word was received that Blaine was on his way from North River the police escorted a delegation of members of the Republican club from their room on Twenty-second street.

Seated in the reading room was Levi P. Morton, and about the corridors were Whitelaw Reid, William Walter Phelps, Murat Halstead, Chairman Quay of the National committe, and Thomas C. Platt.

A few minutes after 11 o'clock Mr. Blaine arrived, and was greeted with general cheers. He went immediately to his room, but cries of speech brought him to the head of the stairs, when he said:

"Just a word to thank you for your tribute. It is the grandest sight, and the most cheerful sounds I have heard for a year."

He then went to the suite of apartments which had been prepared for him, and where his family had already gone. It consists of five rooms, Nos. 79, 80, 81, 82 and 83, situated on the 23d street and Fifth avenue corner on the second floor.

THE WORKINGMEN.

They Gave Mr. Blaine a Grand Reception Last Night.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—Madison Square was ablaze last night. Blaine was present, and the occasion was a serenade and address to him by workingmen. The entire town seemed crowding to hear. Before the sun set people commenced to gather. Cappa's full band was there. Clubs and hotels were illuminated, and fireworks added to the excitement.

About 9 o'clock Blaine appeared ruddy and smiling on the arm of the Republican candidate for Vice President, Levi P. Morton. Police Captain Reilly and a squad of patrolmen formed a hollow square and escorted Blaine to the grand stand.

When Blaine stepped into the guest, there arose cheers that might have awakened the echoes from the Battery to Harlem. The crowd seemed crazy in enthusiasm; when on the stand in full view of the many thousands, another wild burst of cheering shook the air. Again and again they cheered and would not be silent. Quiet was finally restored, and A. E. Ford arose and said:

"FELLOW CITIZENS:—I have to request silence and attention while Mr. David Healy, on behalf of the workingmen of New York, reads an address to that grandest living American—James G. Blaine." [Enthusiastic cheering.]

THE WORKINGMEN'S ADDRESS.

The address was as follows: "James G. Blaine, our first, best-loved fellow-citizen, on behalf of the working people of America, we bid you welcome home. The wage workers and producers of America are prompted to ask for precedence in welcoming you to take counsel with you upon the issues of the hour affecting the interests of their homes and families, and as to whether we would be doing our duty to our families or country by voting to make our industrial markets the world's common heritage, trusting to the possibility of our competing with those foreign nations in markets, for which it is now proposed to surrender our own. We find those who are seeking the overthrow of our protective system repeating to the working people the charge that protection does not protect.

"The sympathies of the wage workers have inclined naturally to favor the policy of protection. There has not been an openly avowed determination of any political party to overthrow the protective system until the present administration threw down the gauntlet. The question is thus urged upon thousands of workingmen whether this issue is of such vital importance as to make it the duty to sever the bonds of party allegiance rather than support a policy which their conscience tells them would work injury to the country."

MR. BLAINE'S REPLY.

Mr Blaine responded as follows:

"MR. CHAIRMAN:—It would be considerable egotism to take this magnificent demonstration as personal altogether to myself. It rather signifies the great popular interest in the question upon which I am supposed at least to have a consistent record and earnest zeal. [Applause.] You have before you a contest in which that great issue is to be settled by the American people for perhaps an indefinite period.

"The year '87 was prosperous and the President, at its close, proposed a radical change in the industrial system which had produced that great prosperity. Since that day there has been confusion in the commerce and manufactories of the United States. [Applause.] The question before the American people is whether he and his administration shall be sustained in that movement. Against him, the Republicans, having the best cause, have nominated the best man [applause] for President—a man of sound experience and heroic record in war; a man of great purity of character; great firmness and worthy of the best days of administration in this country.

"You have associated with him a man whom to New Yorkers I need not further describe than to say that his name is Levi P. Morton. [Applause.]

"Against these you have two gentlemen of whom I would not speak in terms other than personal respect. In their vice presidential candidate I have a friend of many years standing. I am a personal admirer of Judge Thurman. But I beg you to observe that at a critical period in the country the vice president, George M. Dallas, in casting a vote in a tied Senate, destroyed the protective tariff of 1842. If you do not prevent them Mr. Thurman will be in a position to reenact the vote of George M. Dallas in 1842. Therefore, the more amiable and the more able the man may be, the worse will be his influence before the American people. [Applause.]

ENGLAND UNITED FOR CLEVELAND.

"Now, gentleman, I have lately been in England for some months. I found in English public opinion a very great difference in opinion upon almost all questions. They are about as divided upon what you call the Irish question; they are about as divided on the forcible policy of Gladstone and Salisbury; they are divided even upon the continuance of the House of Lords, and they're not absolutely unanimous in support of a monarchy. [Laughter and applause.

"But there is one opinion they are united in and that is that Hon Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, embodies in his person the regular form of revenue and free trade for the United States, which they like. [Applause.] The American people find their interests in one policy and the English want to exchange that policy so as to conform to their interests. That, gentlemen, is the prime question before you in the next November election.

"I am glad that this meeting is called in the name of the laboring people, because this question is from first to last, from skin to core, and back to skin again, a question of labor. [Loud applause.] If you agree to live in as poor a house, eat as poor food, and receive as low wages as the people in England receive, we can produce as cheap goods as the Democratic administration wants to see. [Laughter and applause.]

"But it will be otherwise if you wish to better your condition, and if you want the industrial system of protected interests that prevail in this country now to be maintained. The savings of the wage workers of England, Scotland and Ireland are not near as great as lie to-night in the savings banks of Massachusetts to the credit of the wage workers of that small state.

"If you turn the administration of this republic to-day into free trade channels you may not expect those great savings, for you will put our laboring men throughout the country into competition with the laboring men of Great Britain, and in the course of five or ten years you will make them as poor upon this side of the water as they are upon the other.

"I will not, in this campaign, stop to argue the question upon any other basis. I have no personality to indulge in. I have no sores to heal. [Loud cheers.] I would rather have your cordial, heartfelt, sympathetic welcome than any office you care to bestow upon me. [Applause.] But in this canvass, in which I shall take a greater or less part, I shall hold this question from beginning to end as the question that interests every man, woman and child in the country that depends upon their daily labor for their daily bread. [Applause.]

"There is no need of laws to protect capital. Capital takes care of itself and gets a full share; but there are laws that can elevate the condition of laboring men and there are laws that can degrade him.

"Now, gentlemen, you represent a critical state—New York. Your vote can be decisive upon that one issue. Do not be diverted from that one question by side issues. Do not be misled by petty squabbles upon this or that small issue or upon personal questions of abuse on the one hand or the other; but give your votes as independent laboring men; give them for the interests of your own homes, your friends, and therefore for the great interests of a great republic. [Immense cheering.]

"I never, Mr. Chairman, thought of the republic as I do to-night. [Cheers.] I have seen the other side; I have devoted many of the last fourteen months to seeing the condition of labor and of laboring men in the other hemisphere, and I say without fear of contradiction that in no country of Europe, in no part of Europe or part of any country, is the condition of labor comparable that which it holds in the United States. [Applause.]

"Are you willing to give up that position, or are you willing to maintain it? [Cries of 'yes.'] You can maintain it by a strong pull, a long pull and a pull together for Harrison and Morton." [Loud and enthusiastic cheering and waving of hats.]

The crowd broke into a wild, tumultuous cheer as Mr. Blaine concluded. Again taking the arm of Mr. Morton he slowly walked back to the hotel.

THE WORKINGMEN.

They Flock Around the Standard Upheld by Mr. Blaine.

BOSTON, Aug. 14.—(Special.)—A delegation of the Workingmen's Protective League, of East Cambridge, came to Boston this morning, and in a great mass presented an address to Mr. Blaine. They came as workingmen, wearing their working clothes, with here and there the spots of plaster or marks of the oil can, that toil only too truly the honorable pursuit they followed.

They are firm believers in a home market and American wages for American workmen, and they welcomed Mr. Blaine back to the New England States, not as Republicans, not as Democrats, not as mugwumps, but as workingmen, desirous of retaining their present comfortable homes and the prosperity of their religious and civic institutions.

All day long Mr. Blaine has been deluged with addresses from similar organizations. Those who thus honored the great leader were courteously received, and each delegation as it concluded the reception made the echoes ring with cheers for Harrison and Morton and

PROTECTION TO AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

Mr. Blaine will remain in Maine until September, when he will carry the war into Connecticut and New Jersey and close the exciting campaign in Indiana.

To the Blaine representative Mr. Blaine said the outlook was much brighter than it was in 1884, and everybody knows the narrow margin which Grover Cleveland received.

POLITICAL.

INDIANA REPUBLICANS

They Place a Strong Ticket in the Field at Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 9—The convention came to order at 2:30 yesterday afternoon and took a vote on the gubernatorial nomination. The first ballot resulted as follows:

Hovey	563
Robertson	221
Steele	118½
Chase	120
Cumback	103½
Porter	30
Scattering	3
Total	1,159
Necessary to choice	581

Enough delegates changed their votes to give Hovey 595, and in the midst of the clamor for additional changes, Chairman Calkins announced that Gen. Hovey was the nominee of the convention, which brought the six thousand people present to their feet in a burst of prolonged cheers.

On motion of Private Chase, seconded by the friends of Robertson, Steele and Cumback, Gen. Hovey's nomination was made unanimous. The chairman was requested to telegraph the general at Washington.

Ira J. Chase, of Danville, was then nominated by acclamation for lieutenant governor, no other name being presented.

The ticket was completed as follows: Judges of Supreme Court—First district, Silas T. Coffey, Brazil; Second district, John G. Berkshire, North Vernon; Fourth district, Walter Olds, Columbia City; secretary of state, Bruce Carr, of Orange county; treasurer, Julius A. Lemicke, of Vanderburg county; superintendent of public instruction, Harvey M. Lafollette, of Boone county; attorney-general, Lewis T. Mitchener, of Shelby county; reporter of Supreme Court, John Griffiths, of Marion county.

Presidential electors-at-large—Gen. Thos. H. Nelson, of Terre Haute; Gen. James M. Shackelford, of Evansville.

At 6:15 the convention adjourned.

GEN HOVEY.

Gen. Alvin P. Hovey, the Republican candidate for governor of Indiana, is a resident of Mt. Vernon. At present he represents the first Indiana district in Congress, and has already distinguished himself in that body as a cool-headed man and brilliant debater. He served the flag of the Union with credit and dash during the war, and is a man of whom Indiana can well feel proud. He has the happy faculty of rallying men to his support, and will lead ex-Congressman Matson a lively race in the coming campaign.

MICHIGAN REPUBLICANS.

A Rousing Convention in Detroit To-Day.

DETROIT, Aug. 9.—The Republican state convention yesterday adjourned until 9 o'clock this morning, but not half a dozen delegates were to be seen in the Detroit rink at that time. The Tenth and Eleventh districts were the late ones and not a member of these delegations had appeared when all the other delegates were in their seats.

It was generally understood that the committee on resolutions was in a tangle, and work was held off awaiting their pleasure, another meeting having been called this morning. None of its members were present when, at 10 o'clock city time, Chairman Watkins called the convention to order.

The Committee on credentials reported accredited delegates present from all counties except Gogebic and Iron (Upper Peninsula.

The committee on permanent organization reported the names of Hon. C. W. Farr, of Grand Haven, for Permanent Chairman, and Col. E. M. Irish, of Kalamazoo, for permanent Secretary. The permanent officers were escorted to the platform and Chairman Farr returned thanks to the convention for the honor conferred upon him.

In the meantime the committee on resolutions had come in, but it was understood that the platform would not be introduced until after the nominations had been made.

Judge Williams, of Allegan, nominations for governor being in order, presented the name of Cyrus G. Luce. "The only speech I have to make," he said, "is that he is honest, competent, faithful, and he is not afraid of a sheep."

On motion of a delegate from the Fifth the nomination was made unanimous by a rising vote, and three cheers were given.

Major Graves, of Lenawee; Williams, of Allegan, and Hubbell, of Houghton, were appointed a committee to notify Governor Luce and bring him before the convention.

James R. McDonald, for lieutenant governor; Gil R. Osmun, for secretary of state; George L. Maltz, for state treasurer; H. H. Aplin, for auditor general, and Roscoe D. Dix, state land commissioner, all present incumbents of the offices named, were unanimously renominated by acclamation, but a ballot was directed for attorney general.

Dr. McNabb, of Newaygo, placed Hon. Edward E. Edwards in nomination.

At this stage of the proceedings Governor Luce came in and was escorted to the platform by the committee.

In a few remarks he acknowledged the honor conferred and pledged his best efforts to faithfully discharge the duties as governor and vigilantly guard the best interests of the state, if the people should re-elect him.

James McMillan was also invited to a seat on the platform amid a hearty outburst of applause.

Burton Parker, Stephen V. R. Trowbridge and Philip Padgham were then placed in nomination for attorney general.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

CLEVELAND'S LETTER.

It May Not be Written Until the Senate Tariff Bill is Completed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—The President has not yet begun writing his letter of acceptance, and, as matters now stand, it will not be issued until after the Senate has framed the Republican tariff bill. The President regards this measure as justly stating the Republican party's attitude in the issue rather than what is said in the Chicago platform.

A special to the New York *World* says: "The Senate bill is promised within the next ten days, and the letter of acceptance will follow very promptly thereafter. Mr. Cleveland's letter in 1884 was given to the public on Aug. 24, and this letter would thus go to the country at about the same date. The President seems not at all disturbed by the opposition hints and asperations regarding it, but if the Senate majority should find such great difficulty in perfecting its bill that the measure cannot be expected before well into September, it is probable that he will not await its appearance, and will give to the canvass its forceful, and, perhaps, as important an impetus as his message last winter gave to the general course of tariff reform.

"The manuscript of his first letter of acceptance, which is now in possession of Dr. Samuel Ward, of Albany, has not above two or three changes to the page. It will be remembered that it was written in the North Woods, while he and Dr. Ward were fishing in the neighborhood of Saranac Lake. The first draft was prepared one evening after their return from a hard day's work, and the copy sent to the committee was made on the following day.

"Those who have conversed with the President on the subject of this second letter say that it will likely be of a nature to profoundly interest the party and the country, both from the originality and the straightforward fashion of the views expressed."

IN THE SENATE.

Mr. Edmund's Resolution of Inquiry Adopted—The Fisheries.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—The resolution offered last Friday by Mr. Edmunds, calling on the attorney general for copies of correspondence between the department of justice and the supervisor of elections in the city of New York on the subject of registration and election, was taken up, and its purpose was explained by him.

He understood that the head of the department of justice had undertaken to notify the supervisor of elections in New York, in advance, that while the statute gave him ten days in which to perform his duties he would be paid for only five days. If that statement were true, as he most earnestly hoped it was not, it would seem to require some explanation as to what authority the department of justice claimed to have in determining how long an officer should be paid for a service imposed upon him by statute.

After brief discussion the resolution was adopted.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the fisheries treaty.

HAS CHANGED HIS DRINK.

Thurman Gives Up the Democratic Standby—His Letter of Acceptance.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—A gentleman who arrived from Columbus to-day says he saw Judge Thurman at a bar in the capital of Ohio just before he left there taking a drink. The judge ordered a gin cocktail, and as he was quaffing it down the gentleman observed: "I see you have changed your drink, judge."

"Yes," replied Mr. Thurman, "I don't drink whisky any more; the doctor advised me to quit it. I had come to the conclusion that it was hurting my kidneys, anyway, so I changed off to gin."

"How about your letter of acceptance?" was asked.

"Oh, I had that ready within six days after I was nominated."

"When will you make it public?"

"I presume," replied the judge, smiling, "that as a matter of courtesy I will have to hold it back till the head of the ticket gives out his letter."

Commenting on the physical strength and the plans of Judge Thurman, the gentleman quoted said:

"I was told the other day by the judge's family physician that the old gentleman had improved more in health since his nomination than for many years and that it was probable the nomination would save his life, as it was forcing him to take exercise and had given him new hope. The fact is Judge Thurman wanted the nomination very much after he found that he could get it, and concluded to accept it. The family was also anxious for him to have the nomination, because they thought it would stir him up and prolong his existence.

"The judge for years had been leading a sedentary life and had grown gouty and rheumatic and almost lost the use of his lower limbs. Up to a year or two ago he used to recline on a great willow chair or lounge in his library with a goblet of liquor at hand, and he would drink and read the *Congressional Record* every day till he became sleepy and then fall into a doze, and so were away the hours. He became sluggish and the family was afraid he would not live long."

The Restriction Bill Passed By The Senate This Morning—What It Provides.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—Mr. Stewart moved that the regular business, (bills on the calendar) be laid aside and the Chinese prohibition bill be taken up. Agreed to—yeas 40; nays 3. (Senators Berry, Coke and Jones of Arkansas.) The bill was then passed without a division.

The bill provides that from and after the date of the exchange of ratifications of the pending treaty between the United States of America and his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of China, signed on the 12th day of March, 1888, it shall be unlawful for any Chinese person whether a subject of China or of any other power, to enter the United States except as in this bill provided.]

SHERIDAN'S WILL.

It Was Probated in Washington Yesterday.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—The will of the late General Sheridan, dated May 23, 1888, was to-day admitted to probate. He left to his wife one-third of all his personal property, the same in lieu of dower. To Mrs. Kate Sheridan, his mother (since deceased), he left the Ohio homestead, to revert to his son, P. H. H. Sheridan, in fee simple. All the rest of his property he leaves to his wife, P. H. Sheridan, and Linden Kent, his attorney, in trust, to recover rents, etc., for the maintenance and education of his four children, and if more than is necessary, the excess to be paid his wife.

As each of his children shall reach the age of 21 years the trustees shall assign to such child its share in the estate. He gives the care and guardianship of his children to his wife, and names the trustees also, as executrix and executors. The petitions states his personal estate consists of $2,721 in money; $8,000 in stocks, etc.; $5,000 in swords, etc.; $3,000 in household furniture; a $60 horse carriage; $500 in house at Nonquitt, and an indebtedness of not more than $1,250.

Letters testamentary were granted Mrs. Sheridan, Col. Sheridan and Mr. Kent on a bond of $2,500.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Seven Hundred Democrats Take the Place of 438 Republicans.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—The recent letters of the secretary of the Treasury, transmitting, in response to the Senate resolution of May 1, 1888, information relative to employes in the customs service at New York, is interesting reading for all true lovers of civil service reform, and is, moreover, an interesting key by means of which to decipher the true inwardness of Mr. Cleveland's recent message to Congress upon the same subject. Said Mr. Cleveland:

"The path of civil service reform has not at all times been pleasant or easy. The scope and purpose of the reform have been much misapprehended, and this has not only given rise to strong opposition, but has led to its invocation by its friends to compass objects not in the least related to it. Thus, partisans of the patronage system have naturally condemned it. Those who do not understand its meaning either mistrust it, or when disappointed because in its present stage it is not applied to every real or imaginary ill, accuse those charged with its enforcement of faithlessness to civil service reform.

"Its importance has frequently been underestimated, and the support of good men has thus been lost by their lack of interest in its success. Besides all these difficulties, those responsible for the administration of the government in its executive branches have been and still are often annoyed and irritated by the disloyalty to the service and the insolence of employes, who remain in place as the beneficiaries and the relics of the vicious system of appointment which civil service reform was intended to displace. And yet these are but the incidents of an advance movement which is radical and far-reaching.

"The people are, notwithstanding, to be congratulated upon the progress which has been made, and upon the firm, practicable and sensible foundation upon which this reform now rests."

It would seem that the "advance movement" is indeed "radical and far reaching," for in that portion of the New York customs service alone which comprises the collector's office of the port no less than 438 Republicans have been discharged and the goodly number of 733 Democrats appointed since March 4, 1885.

Congress.

AUGUST 7.—Senate—Resolution adopted: Relating to a cotton-bagging pool investigation. Bill passed: Appropriating $10,000 for postoffice building at Mammoth Hot Springs. Senator Sherman spoke in opposition to the fisheries treaty.

House—The bill appropriating $40,000 to enable the government to make a proper exhibit at the Ohio centennial at Columbus occupied the attention of the body, but no quorum voted on the adoption of the resolution.

August 8.—Senate—Bills passed: Prohibiting the immigration of Chinese; to authorize and direct the secretary of War to place on file in the War department the names of officers and members of the frontier guards mustered into the volunteer military service of the United States (under Captain James H. Lane, of Kansas) and issue them discharges. Mr. Evarts spoke against the Fisheries treaty.

House—Resolutions adopted; Appropriating $5,000 to meet the expenses of the committee on Manufactures in investigating trusts. The deficiency bill was taken up and considered.

August 9.—Senate—Bill introduced: For the purchase of the Portage Lake and River Improvement company's canal. Resolution agreed to: Calling on the Secretary of the Interior for information concerning his recent decision in the Guilford-Miller land case, affecting the title to the Northern Pacific land grant. Several private bills were passed. Mr. Evarts addressed the Senate on the Fisheries treaty.

House—Resolution adopted that members of both Houses will attend the funeral of General Sheridan on Saturday next, and that as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased when the two Houses adjourn on Friday it will be to meet on Monday next.

August 10.—Senate—Bills passed: Appropriating $100,000 for a marine hospital at Evansville, Ind. (with a formal amendment); to ratify and confirm an agreement with the Indians of Fort Berthold agency, Dak.; to regulate commerce carried on by telegraph; appropriating $25,000 to improve and encourage the cultivation and manufacture of flax and hemp.

House—Resolution adopted: Authorizing the President to present a gold medal to Francis Josephs in recognition of his eminent services in the construction of life saving appliances. A number of private bills were passed.

August 11.—Senate—Fisheries treaty discussed in open session.

House—District of Columbia bills considered.

August 13.—Senate—Bill introduced: To prohibit the construction of bridges across navigable streams without the consent of congress. Resolution adopted: Calling on the attorney general for copies of correspondence between the department of justice and the supervisor of elections in the city of New York on the subject of registration and election.

House—Resolutions offered: Directing the committee on printing to investigate the truth of the allegation of a New York paper that the public printer is buying felt for printing in England; calling on the attorney general for a list of pardons granted by the President to persons convicted of the crime of unlawful cohabitation in Utah and Idaho since March 4, 1886; appropriating $200,000 to aid in suppressing infectious diseases in the United States. Bill passed: Increasing to $30 per month the rate of pension for total deafness.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

Whole Cities Covered Up and the Loss of Life Fearful to Contemplate.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 13.—Further advices regarding the volcanic eruptions in Japan state that the small villages of Kishizawa, Akimoto and Hesono, in Hinokihara-Mura, were covered with sand and ashes, and the site on which they stood is thrown into a mountain.

The number of persons burned in these villages is entirely unknown, but it is believed that no one there escaped alive. The following villages suffered the most:

At Mina 45 residences were destroyed and twelve persons killed.

At Shibuya seventeen residences were destroyed and twenty persons killed and wounded.

At Nagasaka 25 residences were destroyed and 98 persons killed.

At Horiki 37 residences were destroyed and no one was killed. The people fled.

The details of the catastrophe come in somewhat disjointed form. The *Chova Shimbun* dispatched a special reporter to the scene. According to his account the villages around Bandai San heard strange rumbling sounds, and felt shocks of earthquake from the 13th. These phenomena continued uninterruptingly for two nights and days, but not being attended by serious result, no disquietude was felt. On the morning of the 15th, at about 8 o'clock the smaller Bandai San trembled and roared violently.

Almost immediately afterward ashes began to fall, the sky suddenly grew dark, and the rumbling sounds continued, accompanied by a violent earthquake and glare of dazzling flame. The crest of the smaller Bandai San appeared to be lifted bodily upward and then to fall again with a tremendous noise. Then followed showers of red mud, mingled with large stones, spreading havoc around. Above the mud fell a few inches of ashes. In the five villages of Iwase, Yosan, Wakamiya, Misato and Hibara the greater part of the houses were buried to a depth of from seven to twenty feet.

The state of the bodies recovered is terrible. Some are literally cut to pieces, others are parboiled so that it is scarcely possible to distinguish between men and women. A few corpses were found suspended in the branches of trees. Up to the 17th the number of bodies recovered was 476. It is believed that 61 are still entombed. The wounded number 41. Eighty-seven houses have been destroyed. The inhabitants of Inawashiro and adjacent villages fled to Wakamatsu and other places when the eruptions occurred. The report of the local official of Wakamatsu says the inhabitants of Inawashiro and adjacent districts escaped with their furniture. The wounded are receiving treatment at the school-house in Inawashiro. The condition is shocking. Some have fractured skulls, others broken limbs, and the faces of a few are battered so as to be unrecognizable. There are about a thousand people in need of help.

Parnell Sues the Times in Scotland.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—The Scotch courts have taken a recess until October. It is likely that the suit of Mr. Parnell against the *Times*, which will be tried in Scotland, will be heard in November.

The *Freeman's Journal*, of Dublin, says the action will be pressed with all possible celerity.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—The amount of damages which Mr. Parnell asks for in his suit against the *Times* is £50,000. He bases his action on letters which the *Times* published in 1887 and on letters and statements introduced by the defense in the trial of O'Donnell's against the *Times*. The trial will take place before Lord Kinnear, of the Court of Sessions, in Edinburgh.

Surprised at Parnell's Action.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—The *Times* says it is profoundly astonished at the step Mr. Parnell has taken in bringing suit against it in the Scotch courts. It says that whether his action is seriously meant or only designed to waste time and money, the work of the parliamentary commission of inquiry will go on unaffected.

A Royal Son.

COPENHAGEN, Aug. 13.—Princess Waldemar, of Denmark, has given birth to a son.

Boulanger's Return.

PARIS, Aug. 13.—Gen. Boulanger returned to Paris, last night, from his tour.

After an examination, the magistrates of St. Jean D'Angely ordered the release from custody of Prof. Perrin, who was charged with attempting to shoot Gen. Boulanger during a political fight at that place.

It is said that Prof. Perrin was knocked down by a partisan of Gen. Boulanger, and that he fired at his assailant in self-defense.

More Suits Against the Times.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—The *Star* says that Mr T. P. O'Connor, the editor and member of Parliament for Liverpool, and Mr. John Redmond, M. P. for Wexford, have entered actions for libels against the *Times* in the English Court of Queen's Bench.

The Parnellite members of Parliament have determined to apply to the commission of inquiry for the appointment of a special commission to go to America for the purpose of inspecting certain documents.

English Imports.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—The returns issued by the board of trade show that during the month of July the imports increased 1,750,000, as compared with those of the corresponding month of last year, and that the exports increased 1,580,000, as compared with those of July, 1887.

Italy and Zanzibar.

ROME, Aug. 9.—*La Riforma* states that the differences between Italy and Zanzibar in reference to the cession of certain lands by the Sultan of the latter country have been settled to the satisfaction of both countries. Italy has obtained a vast tract of territory.

VON MOLTKE RETIRED.

The German Ruler Shaping Things to Fit His Ideas.

BERLIN, Aug. 14.—Gen. von Moltke has been placed on the retired list of the army. Gen. von Waldersee succeeds him.

Emperor William has written Gen. von Moltke a gracious and affectionate letter nominating him as president of the country's defenses. It has been long said in Berlin that when William became emperor he would gather around him those who would sympathise with and abet him in any warlike project he might cherish. These changes come slowly, but they are coming surely. The present kaiser is as wax in the hands of a clever woman, and in the present case the woman happens to be an American lady, the daughter of a New York banker of the name of David Lee.

MURDERED BY TRAITORS.

600 Bashi-Bazouks and Five Italians Betrayed.

ROME, Aug. 14.—An official dispatch received from Massowah contains the following startling intelligence: The Abyssinian chief Debeb assembled a force of 470 men with the intention of raiding the Arkiko district. The Italian commander at Massowah hearing of the intended raid sent 600 Bashi-Bazouks under the command of five Italian officers to try to surprise Debeb's force. On the road the officers enlisted the services of 200 members of the Assoartin tribe.

Saganeti was reached on Wednesday last, and it was found that Debeb had been warned of their approach and intrenched his position. An attack was made by the Italian force, however, and they succeeded in carrying the village. But during the assault the Assoartins proved treacherous and made an attack on the Italian rear. The Bashi Bazouks became panic-stricken and were massacred while endeavor to fly. The Italian officers were killed. Forty Assoartins have been arrested, and are held as hostage.

PAUPERS DUMPED INTO AMERICA.

The Evils Being Plainly Shown Up in New York City.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—The Congressional committee to-day resumed its investigation into the evils of immigration at the Westminster hotel. There were present Congressman Ford, the chairman, Congressman Guenther and Congressman Spinola.

A. Packard, manufacturer of ship staves, took the stand. Witness had heard of many cases, and said it was common talk among shipping men, of turning out American commanders to make way for foreigners. The reason of this was that aliens worked cheaper than natives. Their salaries ranged from $10 to $75 a month. The natives whom they drove away received from $100 to $125. Witness said that foreign crews were usually engaged by these alien captains. Two-thirds